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THE NEWFOUNDLAND DELEGATES AT THE BAR OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It must not be imagined that the delightful ignorance of schoolboys about everything (except games and keeping rabbits) is confined to this hemisphere. In Topsy-Turvy Land (if Australia will permit me to call her so) their ideas, as might be expected, are even still more charmingly confused upon questions of learning and science. A gentleman engaged in education in Melbourne has been so good as to send me some examination papers, printed in the *Wesley College Chronicle*, the replies to which are quite as admirable as those which Mr. Barker has culled from similar sources in the old country.

Scientific.—“A glacier” (the italics are the student’s own) “is a stream which spouts up from the earth.” “The human kidney is nearly of the same size as a sheep, and like it in shape.” “The prairies are large pieces of land, covered with grass, as high as the eye can reach.” “A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.” The following is very touching, and would seem to emanate from one of the senior boys: “The sounds made by the heart’s action are two: (a) the beating of the heart; (b) the murmurs of the heart. The murmurs of the heart can be heard when the ear is placed upon another’s breast. There is first a long, dullish sound, then a sharp click, and then a pause.” One cannot help thinking that it must be the same young gentleman who thus distinguishes himself in geography: “Circassia is to the south-east of Russia: the girls there are very pretty, and give a lot of trouble to the Russians.”

Historical.—“Who was à-Beckett?” “He was the son of Henry II., was drowned in the White Ship, and never smiled again.” The following is the scholastic account of Harold’s adventure in Normandy: “Harold had an oath to take or change his religion, and he would not change his religion, and he had to take the oath, and it was a very bad one. When they took off the top of a cask it was full of bones, and they said, ‘You must change your religion, or put your head in here,’ and he would sooner put his head in here, and this was Harold’s oath.” Moreover (what is not generally known), the proposal of William to Harold before Senlac was “that they should put up a fence of wire and make holes in it.” What is meant by the Suppression of the Monasteries is that “Henry demanded some large sums of money from the Pope because his monasteries were run out, and he wanted to fill them again.” The following is, perhaps, the gem of the historical collection: “Who was Sir John Eliot?” “She was really a woman, but had the title of a man. She was clever, and one of the best writers of her age. She was imprisoned on some account, and there she died in year 1641 about.”

The scholastic explanation of the inquiry “And shall Trelawny die?” is different from that of Macaulay, and seems, from its interesting details (which have not heretofore been published), to deserve a separate note. “This meant the seven bishops: would they be executed? But it was not so. The people walked up and down all night to see if they were guilty or not guilty. There were guards to see that no food was passed in, but at four in the morning several basins of water were passed in; but the jurymen, who were raging with thirst, drank it all up. Then one of the palace brewers, who was a juryman, said, ‘I will brew no more for the King if I say guilty; I will brew no more for anybody else’; and the judge seated him in his box, and a man asked him if the persons at the seat were guilty or not guilty. ‘Not guilty!’ replied he. Immediately there roused a shout from 10,000 in the hall. James heard this shout, and asked General Faversham. ‘Nothing,’ replied he; and the King shook himself, turned pale, and said, ‘So much the worse for them.’”

This too is novel: Scriptural: “Philip the Evangelist was the man who drove a chariot drawn by a eunuch.”

Now and then, to one who does not know schoolboys, it would appear that something humorous was really intended, as in the following description of Pall Mall: “This is a street so called from a game played with mallets. Clubs have now taken the place of mallets.” Of the Latin translations, the best specimen (though slightly cynical) is the rendering of *Nihil in amicitia perniciosius est quam adulatio*—“Nothing is more destructive to pleasure than virtue.”

“Do not suppose,” writes a lady correspondent, “that it is only the women of the Fatherland whose hearts ‘go out’ in the direction of amusement for their cats. It was towards Christmas time, and at no very distant date, that I called upon two maiden ladies, whose sympathies, as sometimes happens, did not flow very freely towards young people. Children were too noisy for their nerves, and too untidy for their spick-and-span domestic arrangements. It was, therefore, with no little surprise that I found them engaged upon a Christmas tree. ‘Now that is very nice,’ I said approvingly; ‘you are going to give a happy evening to some little folks.’ ‘Well, it is not exactly that,’ said Miss Sophy, as she tied the tapers on to the fir boughs. I thought she looked confused and a little ashamed, but Miss Maria, who was of tougher fibre, struck in at once with, ‘No, it’s not for children, who are not at all in our line; it’s a treat for our dear Tommy.’ This, as I well knew, was their cat. ‘But what can Tommy care about Christmas trees,’ I said, ‘which he can’t climb without singeing himself, or for toys?’ ‘Stuff and nonsense about toys!’ replied Miss Maria: ‘these are what Tommy loves.’ And she showed me a little basket full of dead birds and mice, with which she proceeded, with much serene satisfaction, to decorate the fir-tree. This is a fact,” says my lady, “and I am prepared to take an affidavit of it before any commissioner empowered to take the oaths of married women.”

“Si momentum requiris, sir-come-spy-sce,” says Thomas Ingoldsby, in his capacity of minor Canon of St. Paul’s, and

in inviting our attention to the very large stock of memorial samples on hand in that edifice. These are of a solid kind and lasting material, but, as we are informed by a classical authority, are not to be compared in durability with poetic fame. A lady, I read, however, has been so fortunate as to get an elegiac poem executed in brass *repoussé* placed on the wall of a cathedral library. This admirable combination of “immortal verse” and “perennial brass” is probably the best chance of securing permanency that any poem has ever had, and one sincerely hopes that it deserves it.

A tradesman has been fined forty shillings for advertising his wares in such an alarming manner as to frighten a lady into fits. This operation was, it seems, performed by means of a “large figure,” which sounds strangely indeed, for one would have thought that the exhibition of “a large figure” was the very thing to keep purchasers out of one’s shop. There are other advertisements in such establishments calculated to act upon the nerves of timid persons. “Fire, fire, fire” (a salvage stock); “Terrific Sacrifice”; and “The Last Day,” which sounds like an extract from the prophet Baxter.

The triumphs of hypnotism, like the appearance of the thirteen trumps in one hand at whist, usually take place at some distance from this country. The last example of them has occurred in Mexico—a very long way off, and a locality where no confidence can be placed even in affidavits. Still, it may have been true that a scientific gentleman executed such hypnotic influence over the waiters at his hotel that they not only waited on him exclusively, but “transferred all the wine from the tables of the other guests to his own.” The latter proceeding seems to be indefensible; but I confess I have been in hotels where compulsory influence to secure attendance would have been very convenient. I have generally obtained it; but not by hypnotism. The crowning feat of the “scientist,” however, was to persuade all the other guests of the hotel to give him presents, mostly personal valuables—their watches and jewellery. Though not very credulous, I am open to conviction, and there are a good many people in the world who, if they could be persuaded to give me (or anybody else) a handsome present, I should at once believe in hypnotism.

Mrs. Jackson has concluded her matrimonial narrative, but, up to the present writing, we have not had Mr. Jackson’s. It is possible he may have something to say for himself different from what has been said of him. As a humble member of the male sex, in whose credit one feels interested, I hope so. But what is still hidden from the eye of the reader is why the lady married the gentleman. It is a question that often occurs to one, as well as—though less frequently—its converse. The ordinary explanation of the phenomenon is the same as that given by the lady for kissing her cow. “Everyone,” it is said, “to their taste”; but it is often clear that there is no taste in either party—not even for one another. After revolving years, it is, of course, impossible to say what attractions may once have existed upon either side; but, as in the present case, when persons of mature age have made “a union of hearts,” the student of human nature is often baffled to account for it upon any ground whatever. Is it possible that this too may be explained by hypnotism?

The so-called humorous incidents in connection with the late census are, for the most part, deadly dull. The elderly lady at East Ruston and her mamma have, however, furnished two brilliant exceptions. The “giddy little thing” knew nothing of dates, and, to the enumerator’s question of how old she was, shyly replied, “You must ask my mother,” whereupon that ancient dame replied, “My gal was sixty-three her last birthday.” It is funny, of course, but also pathetic; nor is the behaviour of the “girl” by any means unaccountable. While a mother lives, not only are her children, of whatever age, in a certain sense, boy and girl to her, but we ourselves, so long as we have her with us, though we can scarcely claim to be among the rising generation, are still unable to believe ourselves old people.

Impudence—except in business, where, I am told, “push” is absolutely necessary—is, of course, a serious defect; but shyness may bring upon its victim even still more unpleasant consequences. A youthful bridegroom at Stafford the other day found himself, from an excess of this quality, unable to answer the usual questions at the marriage ceremony; and his “best man,” with too ready a compassion, answered them for him. Moreover, he even put the ring on—an operation which his friend’s trembling fingers were unable to effect. Nothing can be more touching than such tender offices of friendship; but the result of them has been, for the present at least, that the bride has been married to the wrong man. The Registrar-General has taken time to think about what is to be done in the matter; but, in the meanwhile, the respective parties are placed in rather delicate relations with one another. My disposition is naturally modest; but, if I was as shy as the Benedict in question, I should take care to select a friend for my best man who had not so much presence of mind as in this instance.

An invention is about to be tried upon the railway by which passengers are enabled to stop the train in case of emergency without any communication with the guard. This will, no doubt, be an immense convenience to individuals; but it is doubtful whether the public will be gainers by it. “What is an emergency?” is a question as to which people take as different views as about “what is a pound” or “what is a gentleman.” If the button at the back of one’s shirt-collar comes off, it is an emergency (and, indeed, a catastrophe), but such is the selfishness of human nature that those whose shirt-collars are all right would probably object to our stopping the express at a station, where it was not advertised to stop, to have it sewn on. Even if four passengers are playing whist, and a card flies out of the window (which

I have known to happen), would the fact that it is impossible for them to pursue their occupation with fifty-one cards be held sufficient excuse, by non whist-players, for bringing the train to a full stop, and sending the guard to look for it? Would the circumstance of one’s hot-water bottle having got cold, in winter, or a passionate yearning for an iced drink in summer, be considered an emergency? I know many people who, if they were suffering from any such inconvenience, would not have the slightest hesitation in putting on the break. Think of having one’s cigars all right, but no means of procuring a light! No smoker would contend that that was not an emergency; yet the law—which does not smoke—might rule the contrary, and even denounce such a reason for stopping a train as “frivolous and vexatious.”

HOME NEWS.

The Queen left Grasse on April 28, her departure being attended by the same ceremony as her arrival a month earlier. Enthusiastic crowds lined the route to the station, which was prettily ornamented with French and English flags. The Queen and Princess Beatrice accepted a number of bouquets at the station, and before the train started her Majesty called the Mayor of Grasse to her window to thank him for some handsome cases of perfume sent for her acceptance. The Queen expressed the pleasure and satisfaction which the visit to Grasse had given her. The air had suited her health admirably, and she had been especially charmed with the drives which the environs afforded.

The Queen made the usual number of presents to those who had contributed to the pleasure of her sojourn at Grasse. The proprietor of the hotel, the Mayor, the postmaster, the station-master, the French detective, Mr. Booker, church-warden of the English Church, and Mr. Bowes, its founder, all received souvenirs, a cheque for 1500f. being also sent to the Mayor to divide among the charitable institutions of the town.

Her Majesty will reside at Windsor (except for two brief visits to London) until Thursday, May 21, when she proceeds to Derby; and thence (after a stay of two hours) to Balmoral, where she will stop until Friday, June 19, when she is to return to Windsor.

The Prince of Wales presided on April 24, at the Hôtel Métropole, at a dinner in aid of the Eastern Counties Asylum for Idiots, and announced that the Princess had become patroness of a ladies’ association in connection with the same institution.

A most imposing gathering took place in Westminster Abbey on April 25, when the Very Reverend Randall Thomas Davidson, Dean of Windsor, was consecrated as Bishop of Rochester, and the Rev. Mandell Creighton as Bishop of Peterborough. While the congregation were crowding into the Abbey, the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Bishops-elect, assembled in the Jerusalem Chamber. Hence a procession to the final scene was headed by the church officials, and followed by Dean Bradley, the Bishops of London, Winchester, Lichfield, Ely, Carlisle, and Ripon, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Archbishop began the Communion Service, the Epistle was read by the Bishop of Winchester, the Gospel by the Bishop of London, and Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity, preached the consecration sermon.

Convocation of Canterbury met on April 28, and in the Upper House a resolution was passed to the effect that in every workhouse a chaplain should be appointed. In the Lower House, the report of the Committee on Betting and Gambling was presented, and resolutions on the subject were passed, which it was decided to submit to the bishops. The question of brotherhoods was brought under notice by Archdeacon Farrar, and it was decided that the age should be fixed at thirty at which men might take lifelong vows. The House of Laymen also met, and passed a resolution in favour of the Clergy Discipline Bill.

The Conservatives have won both of the bye-elections that have so far taken place. Mr. G. H. Morrell has been elected to fill the vacancy in the Parliamentary representation of Mid-Oxfordshire by a majority of 688 votes over his Liberal opponent, Mr. G. R. Benson, and Sir James Bain has been returned for Whitehaven by a majority of 233 over Mr. H. G. Shee.

Mr. Goschen’s Budget was a surprise. It was generally assumed that he would not deal with free education: the contrary has proved to be the case. Mr. Goschen found himself with a surplus of nearly two millions, which he intends to apply in the following manner: A million to freeing elementary education, probably for the first four standards; and the rest to be divided between provision for barracks and for renovating the gold coinage. Naturally, all the interest has concentrated itself on the proposal to dispense with the school fees. The plan would only commence to work in the ensuing half-year, which begins on Sept. 1. It is, of course, understood that the Government will extend the exemption from fees to all elementary schools, whether Board schools or voluntary, and the probable method to be adopted will be to distribute an amount based on the average fee. This will mean an extra grant of some ten shillings per head to each school.

There has been a considerable outcry from the Conservative following of the Government in regard to this proposal. Mr. Howorth and the *Standard* have protested vigorously against paying for other people’s education. On the other hand, there is no sign that there will be a large loss of votes in Parliament when Mr. Goschen’s scheme takes shape, free education being a popular cry and calculated to help the Government in its appeal to the country. Liberal criticism of the measure takes the form that the payment of public money to voluntary schools must be accompanied by popular control, a position which the Government are not likely to concede. The chances are that Mr. Goschen will easily carry his Bill, and that there will be a small Conservative cave.

Meanwhile a second question of the greatest interest arises, and that is whether a Budget is not designed to sound the note of dissolution. There are three periods when the appeal to the country might be made—namely, between the hay and corn harvest, after free education comes into operation in the autumn, and in the spring of next year, when it would naturally follow the introduction of a Local Government Bill for Ireland. It is thought that the Government will necessarily wait till their education measure is in force, but that they need not delay the issue any longer. The prevailing view therefore is that we shall have the general election in the late autumn of this year.

A long and curious statement by Mrs. Jackson of the wrongs which she considers she has suffered at her husband’s hands has been followed by a counter-declaration by Mr. Jackson. The wife complains that her husband married her for money, and that he treated her during the abduction with great brutality. The husband denies this, and hints that his wife’s affections were estranged by her relatives, and that her behaviour has been marked by caprice and injustice.



LES PREMIERS BIJOUX.

BY W. BOUGUEREAU.—EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON, 1891.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEWFOUNDLAND AT THE BAR.

The scene in the House of Lords on April 23 came as a timely reminder that, despite all the disintegrating influences of modern times, the Parliament at St. Stephen's is still an Imperial assembly, with command over the lives and liberties of some 360 millions of the human race. There at the Bar stood the chosen delegates of the Legislature of Newfoundland, and though that Legislature can speak for barely 200,000 people, and these mostly poor fishermen—for a population, that is to say, barely equal to that of the British seaport town of Hull—their spokesmen enjoyed the same full hearing as would be given to the most wealthy and populous section of the Empire. There was much in the appearance of the Chamber, well filled as it was with the leading statesmen of both parties—peers and commoners alike—to mark the importance of the occasion. The reading of Sir William Whiteway's long address did, it is true, seem to have a somniferous effect upon several noble lords, but the adjourned debate on Monday showed that their sympathetic interest in the subject of the Newfoundland appeal had not suffered. Such incidents as these in the history of the empire take the mind back to the days of Cromwell and Charles II., when England first began her mission as mistress of the sea, and help us better to realise the prophetic picture which Milton drew of Britannia "with all her daughter-lands about her."

THE LABOUR COMMISSION.

The Labour Commission, with its members, has been criticised from various points of view, but its popularity is unquestionable. It may be described as a body of experts, qualified by a more or less neutral element of politicians. Political economy has two representatives, jurisprudence one, trade-unionism—new and old—seven, capitalist interests ten, the front Opposition bench two, the Government two, philanthropy one, and there are one or two members who hardly fall under any special class, such as Lord Derby and Mr. Jesse Collings, though the latter is generally taken to stand for the agricultural labourers, who have no direct spokesmen. Lord Salisbury has wisely chosen two of our delegates at the Berlin Labour Conference in the persons of Sir John Gorst and Mr. David Dale, the latter a Darlington iron-master of great knowledge, brilliant ability, and unexampled experience in the settlement of labour disputes. With regard to special questions that are likely to come up before the Commission, it is safe to say that the balance of opinion is against the newer ideas and methods. On the proposal for a legal eight-hours day a fair division has been made between the two parties among the working-men themselves. Thus Mr. Maudsley, Mr. Burt, and Mr. Trow may be reckoned as opposed to State intervention, while in various degrees Mr. Mann, Mr. Tait, Mr. Abraham, and Mr. Austin may be regarded as advocates of a Parliamentary day. On the other hand, Professor Marshall, who is the author of the latest economic textbook, is probably opposed to the legal limitation of hours, and so are Mr. Courtney and Sir Frederick Pollock. On trade-union questions the chief spokesmen of the Union v. Free Labour controversy will be Mr. Livesey and Sir W. T. Lewis, of the South Metropolitan Gas Company and the Bute Docks—both of whom have been engaged in sharp conflict with the new unionism—on the one side, and Mr. Mann and Mr. Tait on the other. A criticism which suggests itself is that too many prominent partisans of various sets of views have been chosen, and that there is consequently no hope of the Commission arriving at a united, or even a fairly symmetrical, conclusion. As to the industries prominently selected for representation, they are shipping, mines, railways, cotton, iron and steel, docks, and chemicals. In most of these a representative of the men faces a champion of the masters. Thus, for the docks, Mr. Tom Mann, one of the militant heads of the new unionism, neutralises Sir William Lewis; on Scottish railways Mr. Tait opposes Mr. Bolton, M.P., Mr. Maudsley (who, by the way, is a member of the Constitutional Club), Mr. Tunstall; while Mr. Dale and Mr. Trow have both been engaged, one from the employers' point of view, the other from that of the employés, in promoting the work of arbitration. Politically, the distribution is fair enough. Mr. Mundella was a Chartist in his youth, and is now an orthodox Gladstonian. Sir John Gorst is the author of a somewhat advanced labour programme, which indicates, perhaps, the high-water mark of progress on social questions on the part of any leading English statesman. The terms of reference are widely drawn, and will include the examination of such matters as the hours of labour, strikes, labour boycotts, the legality of picketing, boards of conciliation, the preference of non-unionists to unionists, fines, the working of the Trunk Acts, the Shop Hours Regulation Acts, the Mines Regulation Acts, the Employers' Liability Acts, the Factory Acts, &c., the discipline of factories and workshops, "blacklisting and chair-marking," the terms of engagement, profit-sharing, annuity and superannuation schemes, and kindred matters. In a word, the Royal Commission has before it the noble task of setting forth the facts of our industrial system, and showing the path to order and peace.

SKETCHES IN SIBERIA.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price, writing from Krasnoiarsk in January, describes the scene in that town on market-day, of which he made a Sketch—

"I have rarely seen anything more interesting than the market here, as the huge open space opposite the cathedral, which is deserted on other weekdays, becomes on Saturday one of the most animated scenes conceivable. The peasants for miles around arrive by hundreds and hundreds, driving in their sledges laden with various wares. These are formed up into sections by the police. Everything seems to have its regular place, for on each market-day the arrangement is the same. Now a stroll through the noisy crowd reveals curiosities quite unknown to the untravelled European. To an artist the scene is one teeming with interest. In my sketch, which was made in the principal walk, provisions are chiefly sold. They are spread out either on the ground or on the sledges. You will notice the grotesque effect of the group of frozen mutton, also the frozen pigs. Between them, on the ground, are seen round white blocks, which, to my great astonishment, I found were half-gallons of milk! As a matter of fact, here and now, everything in the 'eatable line' is frozen; so it can be kept without damage the whole winter. Live stock, game, and fish, sufficient to last several months, are killed as soon as the frost sets in, and in a very short time become as hard as stone, so that it requires some considerable heat to soften them. The prices of the various comestibles are, as a rule, astoundingly low. I give you a short list, which I think may be of interest: Beef, mutton, or pork (any part) averages from 1½d. to 2d. per lb. In the fish-market, sterlet or sturgeon, which fetch in St. Petersburg 5s. to 17s 6d. per three

pounds, are here sold for about 1s. 6d. Butter averages 9d. to 1s. per lb., milk 1½d. and 2d. per gallon; black bread 1d. and white bread 3d. per lb. During the summer months everything is slightly dearer."

The two English dogs, "Sojourners in a Strange Land," were a bulldog named "Punch" and a small fox-terrier, belonging to members of the Anglo-Siberian Trading Company's party on board the river-steamer Phoenix, in which our Artist ascended the Yenisei, as described in his earlier letters. These canine British travellers were not very hospitably received by the native Siberian dogs, which are of an entirely different race, powerful animals employed to draw sledges over the snow in winter, and in summer often harnessed to a boat which they tow against the stream thirty miles in a day. It was amusing to see with what sturdy valour the faithful Punch would stand his ground protecting little "Kara," his timid companion, against threatening demonstrations on the part of the uncivil foreigners in a village where they were taken ashore on the banks of the river. A British bulldog fears no enemy in any country of the world.

THE LATE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS.

The uncle of the Emperor Alexander III., the Grand Duke Nicholas, a younger son of the Emperor Nicholas, born in 1831, died on April 24, at his residence in the Crimea, having suffered from a painful disease, with violent mental derangement, since the military manoeuvres in Poland last autumn, at which he and the Emperor were present. He held the army rank of Field Marshal and the office of Inspector-General of Cavalry, and was in chief command of the Russian forces in Bulgaria during the war of 1877, but was not considered to have there shown any great ability in strategy or tactics. In the Crimean War he was engaged at Sebastopol, from October 1854 to February 1855, in directing the fortifications of the northern and eastern fronts of that city, and was also in the battle of Inkermann; but Todleben's genius is unquestionably entitled to the merit of such performances in warfare as were achieved, either then or twenty



THE LATE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA.

two years later, under the orders of his Imperial Highness. The funeral takes place at St. Petersburg with great military pomp. The coffin, as it is conveyed so long a distance from the Crimea, must be saluted by a hundred thousand Russian soldiers.

THE EXPEDITION TO MASHONALAND.

The occupation of Mashonaland by the British South Africa Company was effected in September last year, when its pioneer expedition reached Mount Hampden, to construct permanent forts. The long overland eastward march of the British expedition from North Bechuanaland, through the country ruled by Lobengula, the powerful King of the Matabele, whose consent had been obtained by previous negotiation, occupied the months of July and August; some reports, with a few illustrative sketches, as far as the Macloutsie River, the frontier of Bechuanaland, appeared in our Journal several months ago. Those now in our possession, furnished by Lieutenant W. Ellerton Fry, late of the Pioneer Corps, bring the expedition all the way to Mashonaland, 640 miles from Mafeking, in Bechuanaland, and 1500 miles from Capetown, by way of Kimberley. The whole effective force was about five hundred, including the Pioneer Corps of a hundred and eighty men, under Major Johnson; the chief in command was Lieutenant-Colonel Pennefather, commanding the British South Africa Company's Armed Police. The pioneers crossed the Macloutsie on June 25, 1890, and proceeded to make a road of three hundred miles, by which they took up seventy wagons, four machine-guns, an electric search-light, engine, and other material; and they reached Mount Hampden on Sept. 12.

The expedition avoided quarrelling with any of the native tribes along the route, but some of them are very wild, others very timid. After crossing the Macloutsie River the country is much broken; immense granite boulders are passed, some of which rise to a height of 800 ft. above the plain. The tops of these boulders and hills are often inhabited by the Banyai and Makalakas, who, miserable wretches, constantly live in dread of the raids of the Matabele, and, having no heart to face them, take refuge in these rocky fastnesses. The Matabele often kill them, and carry off their girls and cattle, if they catch them in the plains below, working in their gardens. At the first village passed, which was M'tipi's, the people were in great dread; they feared to help the white man, thinking, if they did, the Matabele would exterminate them.

In Mashonaland, fourteen miles south-east from Fort Victoria, are the wonderful ruins of Zimbabwe. It will be inquired who were the builders of those interesting towers and walls. There are other remains of the same unknown race of people.

THE EXPEDITION TO MANIPUR.

The advance of three columns of British and Indian troops, entering Manipur simultaneously—the northern, from Kohima, on the Assam frontier; the southern, from Tamu, on the western border of Upper Burmah; and a third force, marching eastward from Cachar—commenced on April 24; the commanders, respectively, are General Graham and General Sir

Charles Leslie, for the Kohima and the Tamu columns, and Colonel Rennick, with the brigade from Cachar; General Graham in chief command. The enemy, a thousand in number, made a stand, on the 25th, behind earthworks near Pallel, thirty miles north of the city of Manipur. General Graham attacked and stormed the position, with hard fighting; the enemy fled, losing 128 men killed. Next day, the three columns of the British Indian forces simultaneously reached the capital city, which is called Imphal by the natives. It was entirely deserted; the Maharajah's palace had been stripped, and the military magazine blown up. The Senaputty had escaped to the mountains. The recent fighting has cost only two lives on our side; but Captains Drury and Carnegie, of the 4th Goorkhas, and Lieutenants Cox and Grant, of the 12th Burmah Regiment, are wounded. The Viceroy of India has telegraphed his personal congratulations to Lieutenant C. J. W. Grant, of the 2nd Burmah (late 12th Madras) Regiment, on his gallant capture and stout defence of Fort Thobal.

Our present Sketches of Manipur illustrate merely the ordinary features of that small highland State and its mixed population, which have often been described. The Manipur valley, or open plain enclosed by mountain ranges, is only 650 square miles in extent, 2600 ft. above the sea, and surrounded by hills 2500 ft. high. The territory contains a population of 220,000, of which the capital absorbs 60,000, and other parts of the valley an equal number. The hill tracts account for 100,000. The hill tribes of Manipur consist chiefly of Nagas and Kukis, the latter including Chins, Kamhows, and Looshais. Manipur was taken under our protection in 1825, and we have had a representative at the Rajah's Court, except for a few months' interval, ever since. The troops of the State number about 5000 Manipuris, armed with smooth-bore muskets, and 1000, or possibly 1200, Kuki irregulars, armed with ancient flint muskets. They have four 7-lb. mountain guns, and eight old brass 3-lb. guns. The hardy and nimble ponies bred in Manipur are much in request in India for riding in the game of "polo," or "hockey on horseback," which has long been practised by the Manipur chiefs and cavaliers. The ruling class are of the Hindoo religion, and claim a sacred origin for the reigning family, whose reign will probably now come to an end.

MIDDLESBOROUGH, KENTUCKY.

Our publication of last week, it will be remembered, contained two views of Middlesborough, near Cumberland Gap, Kentucky—one showing the place as it existed before the building of the city; the other the city itself, as it appeared in 1890. As a sequel to these we now present a few Illustrations of its growth and industrial resources.

The first view represents the ironworks which have been recently erected by the Watts' Iron and Steel Syndicate, Ltd., a Company with a capital of £300,000. The blast-furnaces shown in the Illustration are expected to be blown in, within the next few weeks. In addition to them, the syndicate is constructing a large steel plant, which was commenced in the early part of this year.

Our second Engraving illustrates the development of the iron mines from which the blast-furnaces will be provided with ore; the third and fourth, respectively, show one of the numerous coal openings in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, and one of the series of coke-ovens which have been laid down and are now in operation. The fifth Illustration is that of some of the large number of charcoal-furnaces in a similar state of advancement; and the sixth shows the large fire-brick works, situated in close proximity to the station, and now working night and day. The other two are views in the town itself, taken from photographs—the former showing the hotel with its annexe, one of the clubs, and some buildings in the main street of the town; while the last is a view of Cumberland Avenue, with the street railway running through it.

Our Views of the mines show the facility and cheapness with which iron ore and coal can be mined; and, when we learn that the quantity of ore in sight reaches to a hundred millions of tons, and that there is, within a radius of forty miles of Middlesborough, enough coal to furnish the whole of the United States with fuel for the next forty years, we can partly comprehend the foundation of the great work of development taking place in and about Middlesborough.

"LES PREMIERS BIJOUX."

"Je change d'objet, mais jamais de sentiment," was once said by a fellow-countryman of M. Bouguereau of whom constancy was not a leading characteristic. The artist may well adopt the same motto, for throughout his long and successful career his work has always been marked by a fidelity to the traditions of the old school of French art. Step by step, and in the face of the tendencies of more modern art, he has won by the suffrages of his brother artists the highest honours it was in their power to award him. The secret of his success lies, perhaps, in the fact that, while remaining true to classic art, he has not scrupled to give proof of his eclectic taste; and by this he has caught the votes or aroused the sympathy of opposite schools. By turns, he has painted Madonnas and saints, nymphs and satyrs, cherubs and school-children. To each and all he has given the same roundness of form, the same softness of flesh, and the same mother-of-pearl tone of complexion. In this, his latest work, he seems to have wandered off into the "Romantics," in the track of Chateaubriand and Bernardin de St. Pierre.

The "First Jewels" may well have been the bright berries which the inhabitant of some tropical wood discovered, and with them hoped to appeal to his maiden's vanity; and M. Bouguereau is only using a painter's or a poet's license in substituting fruits for the traditional shells with which our remotest grandmothers bedecked themselves. It was this desire to look something different from their companions which gave ornaments their place in the woman's world.

Man sieht doch gleich ganz anders drau.

Was hilft euch Schönheit, junger Blut?

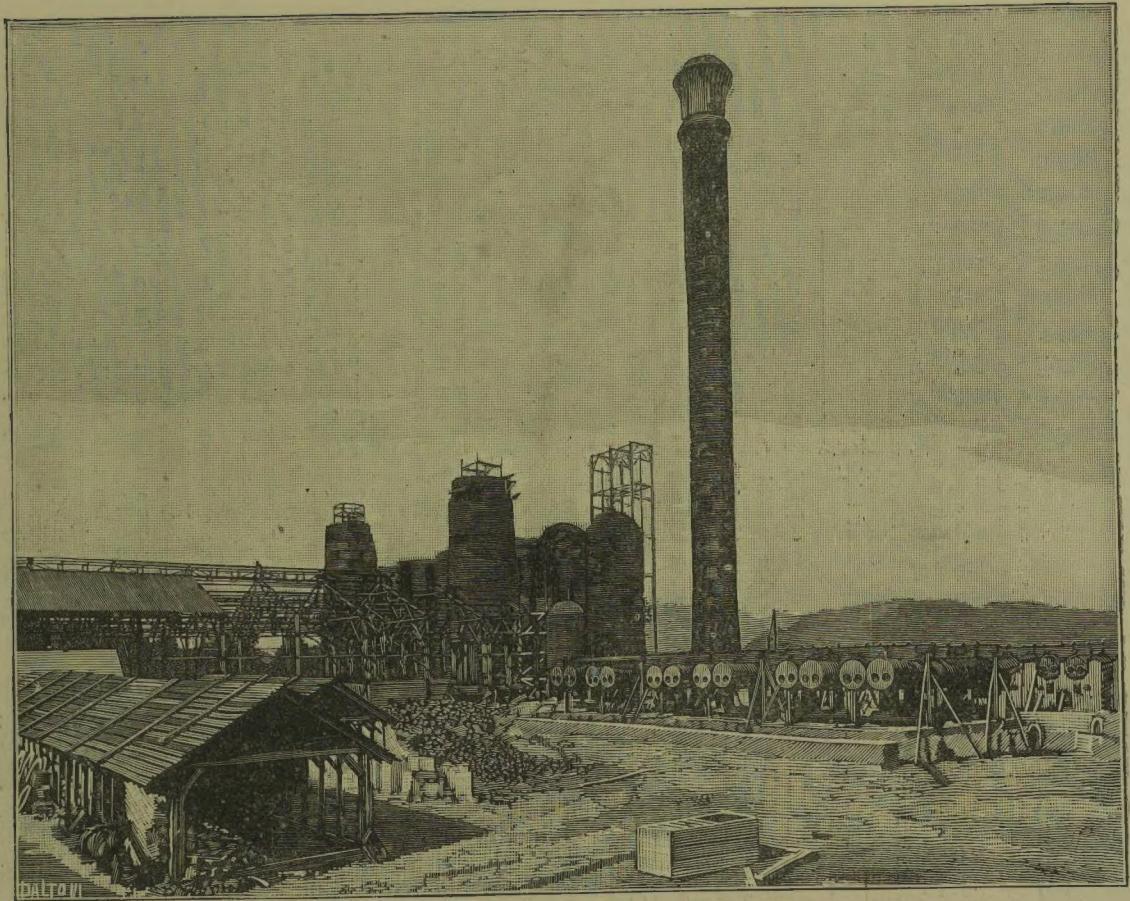
asks Margaret, and the answer will be always the same. It is needless to call attention to the masterly skill with which M. Bouguereau has told his idyl. In brush-work he has few equals in his own country: in this he has as a worthy rival the president of the Royal Academy, and it is worthy of note that each painter has risen to the highest official position in his respective country by cultivating a style which has so much in common.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK,

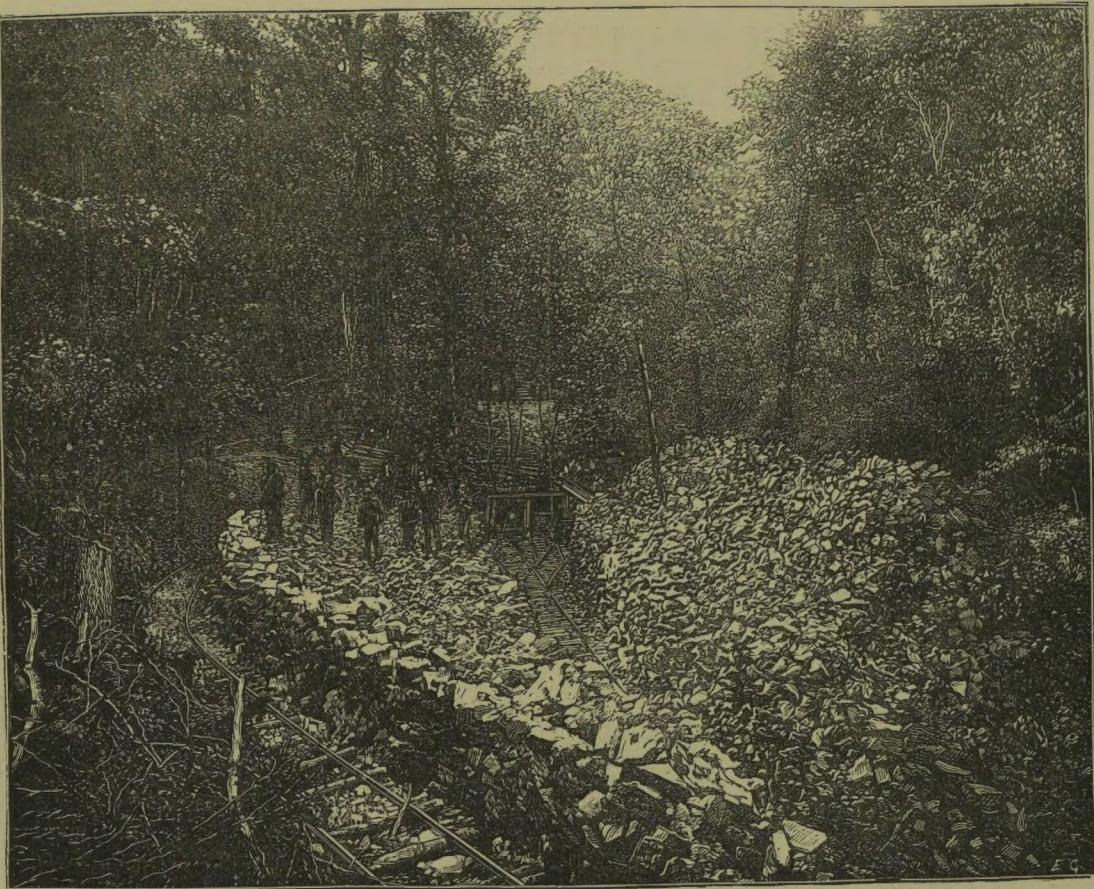
MAY 2, 1891.

Subscribers will please to notice that copies of this week's number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates: To Canada, United States of America, and the whole of Europe, THICK EDITION, Threepence; THIN EDITION, Three-halfpence. To Australia, Brazil, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Jamaica, Mauritius, and New Zealand, THICK EDITION, Threepence; THIN EDITION, Two-pence. To China (via Brindisi), India, and Java, THICK EDITION, Fourpence-halfpenny; THIN EDITION, Threepence.

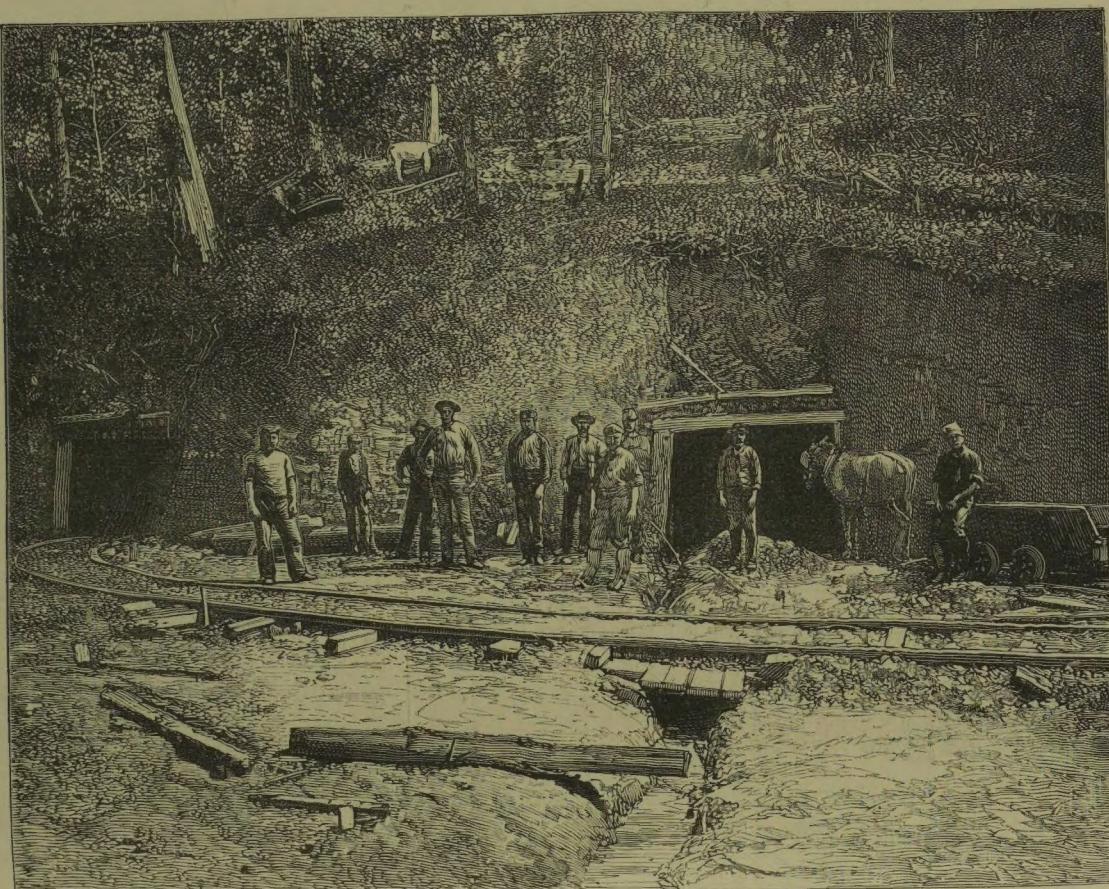
Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication, irrespective of the departure of the mails.



THE WATTS' SYNDICATE IRON WORKS.

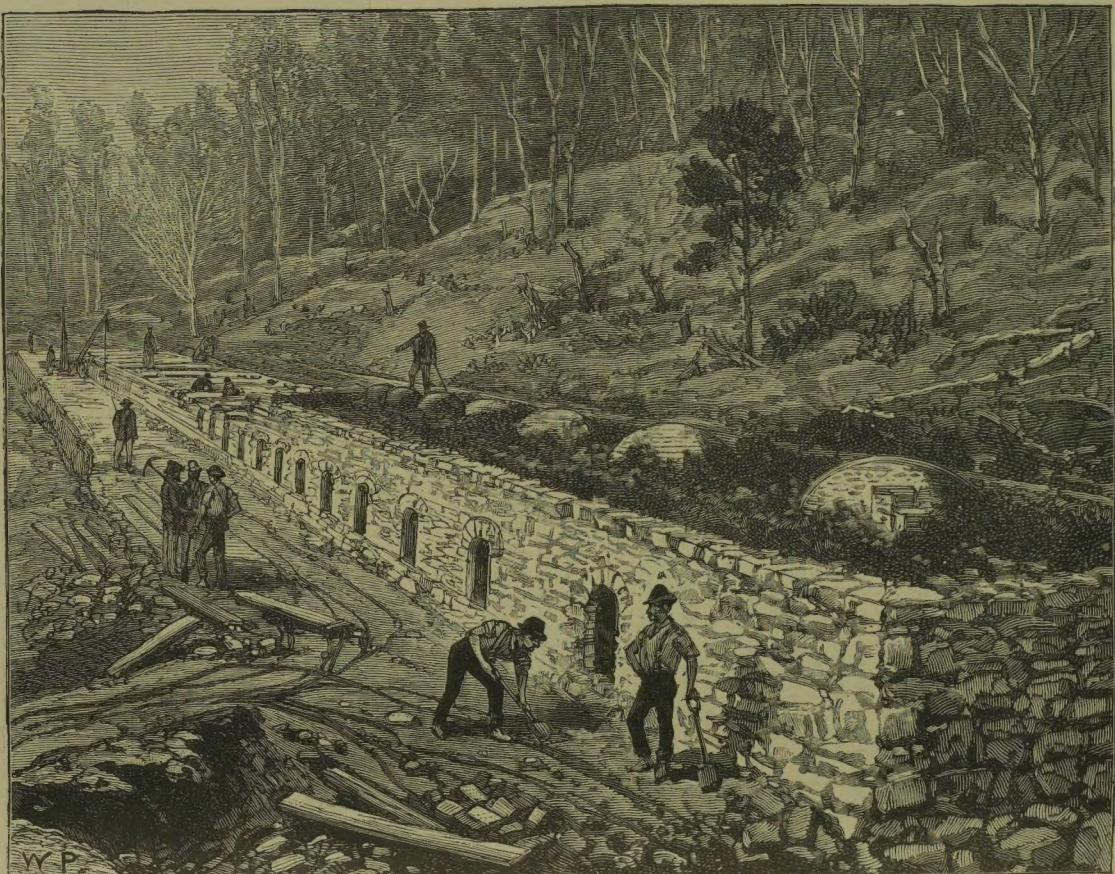


DEVELOPMENT OF AN IRON MINE.

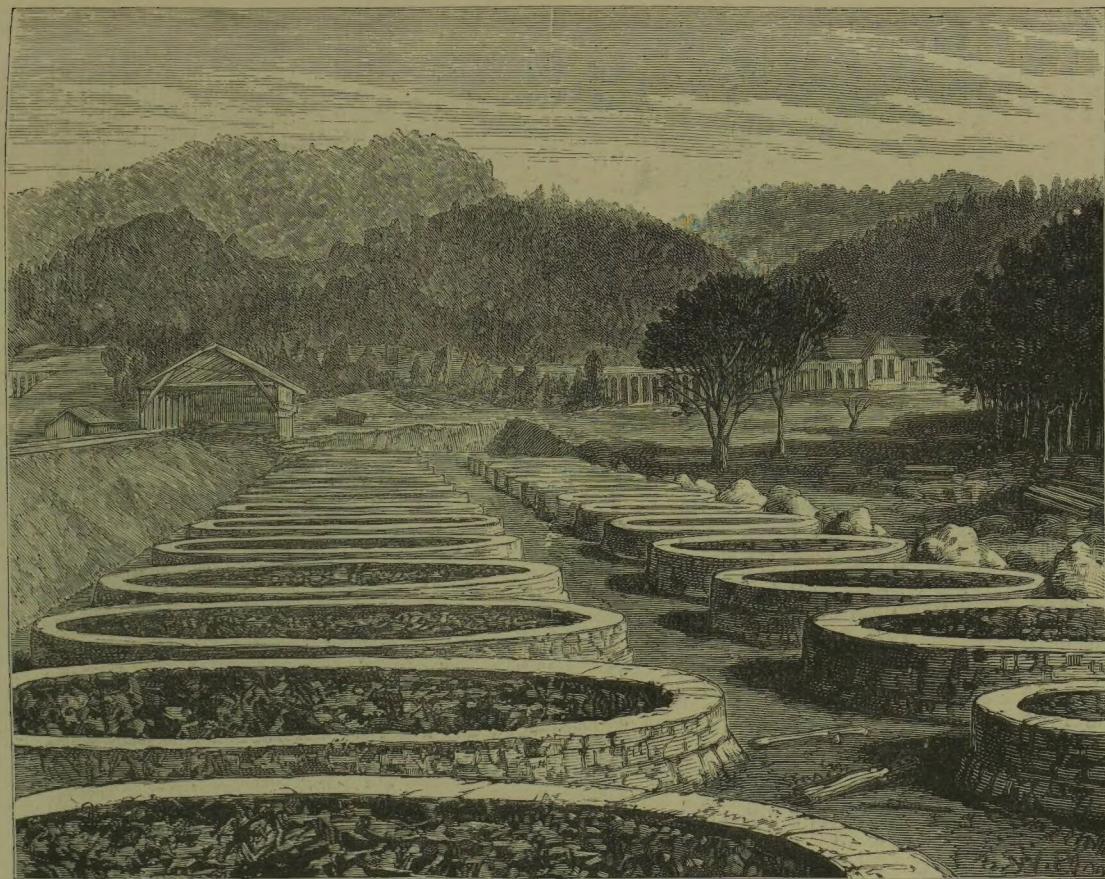


OPENING OF COAL MINE.

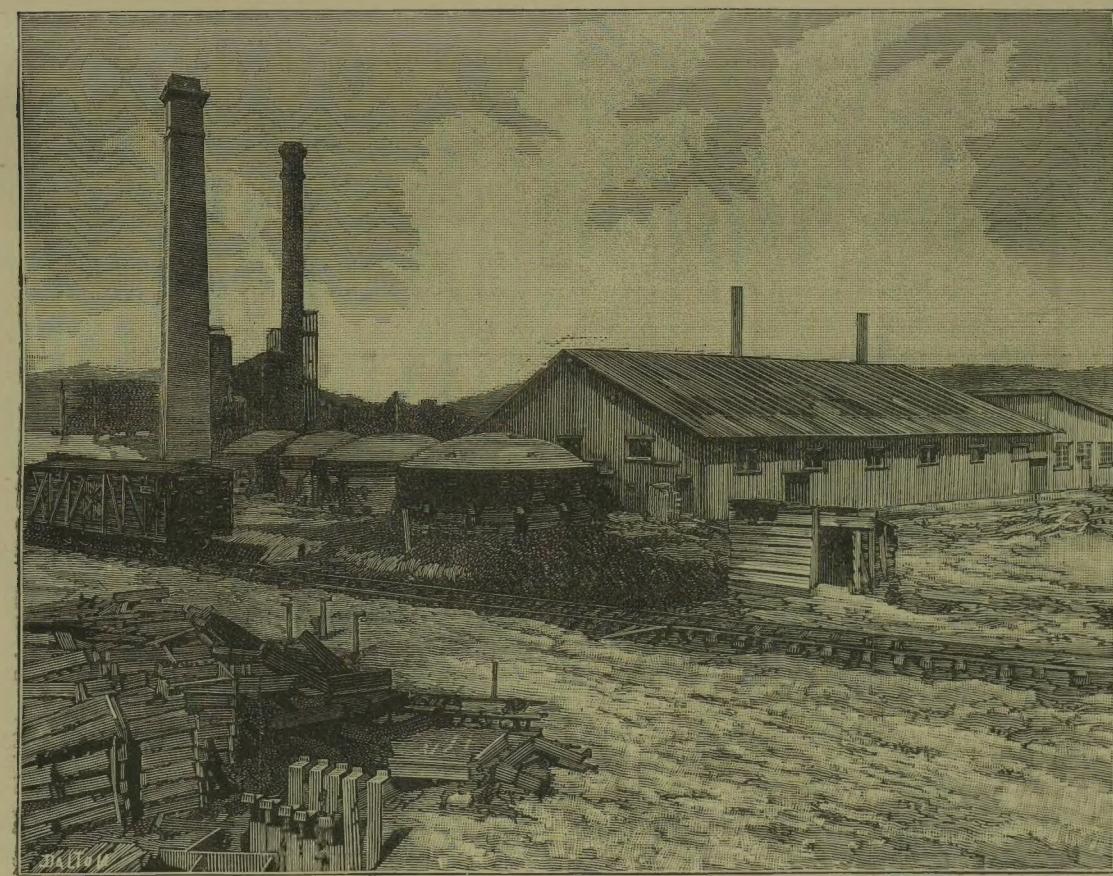
MIDDLESBOROUGH, KENTUCKY.



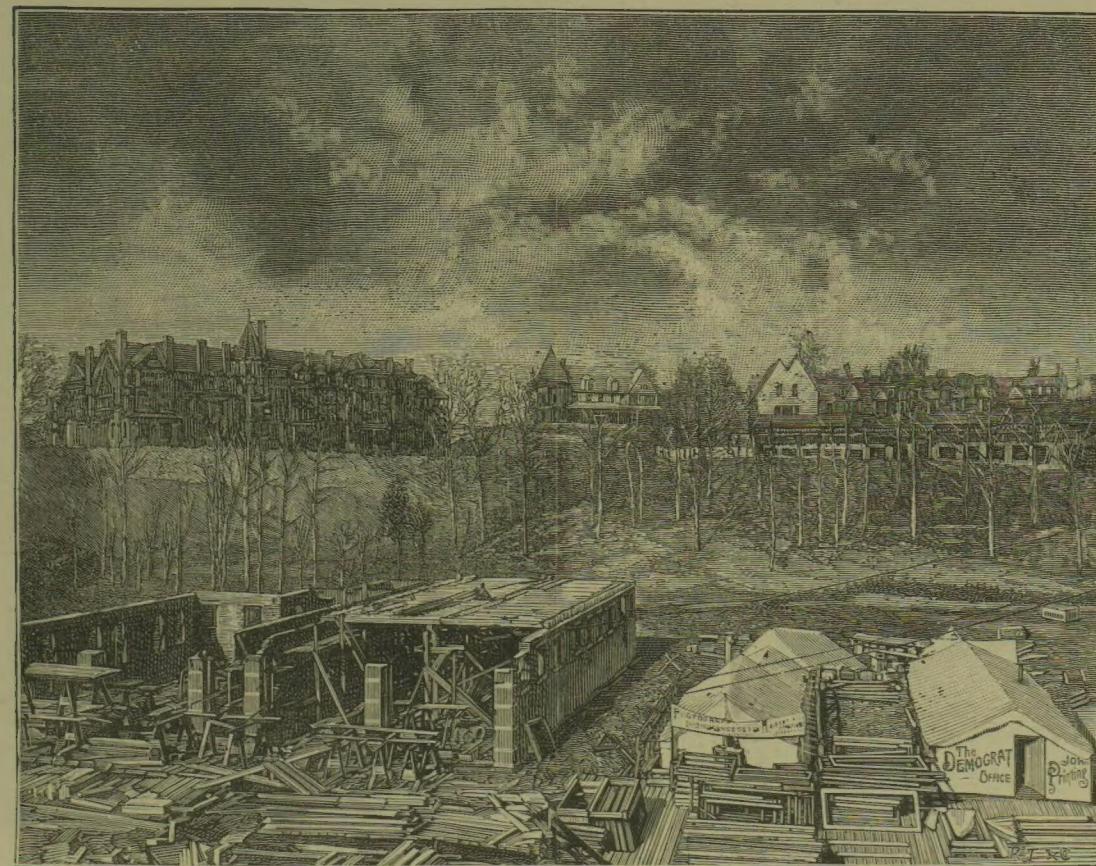
COKE OVENS.



CHARCOAL FURNACE.



FIRE BRICK WORKS.



MIDDLESBOROUGH HOTEL, ANNEXE, OCOONITA CLUB.



CUMBERLAND AVENUE, SHOWING STREET RAILWAY AND BUILDING OPERATIONS.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The death of Field-Marshal Count von Moltke is, indeed, an irreparable loss to the German Empire, and the words of the message telegraphed by the Emperor when he learned the sad news, "I have lost a whole army," seem to convey a more correct estimate of the importance of the famous old soldier's disappearance than that of most newspapers, not excepting the organs of the German Press. Not that any of them has failed to pay a worthy tribute of veneration, respect, and gratitude to the memory of one of the founders of German unity: on this point, all are unanimous, and the French papers themselves have chivalrously done homage to their great enemy. The death of Count von Moltke does more than remove from the political scene one of the chief actors of the great drama of 1870-1. It leaves in the German army a void that can never be filled, it deprives it of a chief who inspired it with that confidence which alone can command a general who never was beaten, whose name meant victory, whose orders never failed to insure success. The presence of such a man at the head of the German General Staff, old as he was, and although he could never again lead the hosts of the Fatherland in the field, was in itself worth a whole army corps, for it doubled the courage of every single soldier in the German army. In this sense, the words of William II. show a remarkably accurate appreciation of the loss he has just sustained, and he has expressed it in terms the significance of which cannot be overlooked. What the moral effect of the death of Count von Moltke will be on the German army time alone will show, but that the effect must be great has been immediately recognised by the German Emperor, than whom no one is better qualified to judge.

The French Chamber of Deputies has been engaged on the discussion of the new commercial tariff which it is proposed to establish, in order adequately to protect the agriculture and manufactures of France, in conformity with the wish expressed by the great majority of the nation, anxious to revert to Protection of the most comprehensive kind. The tariff under discussion comprises a double scale of duties—a higher one to be applied to those countries which impose heavy duties on French goods, and a lower one embodying the utmost concessions the Government will be allowed to make to countries which give the best terms to French merchandise. Sober politicians and economists who have managed not to be influenced by the Protectionist current which has carried everything before it up to the present are far from cheerful at the prospect opened up by the new commercial régime about to be established. They are convinced that it will have serious consequences for French trade and industry, not to mention the disastrous effect of raising the prices of all commodities and of materially increasing the cost of living. There are, of course, Free Traders in France who are thoroughly opposed to the contemplated policy, but they are a small minority, whose voice cannot be heard in the general clamour for Protection, although they have received valuable help from the Paris Municipal Council. For when we hear of a protest from Marseilles, La Rochelle replies with a vote passed by the delegates of 420 agricultural associations urging the Government to adopt protectionist measures. It is probable that the Protectionists will carry the day, and that the commercial policy of France will undergo a radical change, with (as the Free Traders argue) ruinous consequences for the country, which will find out its mistake sooner or later. But when they discover it, it may be too late to return to a more liberal régime. In the meantime, it is the opinion of most British chambers of commerce that the trade of this country with France will sustain considerable loss through the probable victory of the Protectionists.

The Mizon incident, it appears, is to be the object of diplomatic negotiations. Lieut. Mizon, a French traveller, who proposed to go up the Niger with the intention of exploring the country situated at the back of the Niger Company's territories, complains that he was detained by the company's officials until the waters of the Benue River were too low for him to proceed, and that this action is a violation of the General Act of the Berlin Conference. The syndicate which fitted out the expedition commanded by M. Mizon have therefore requested M. Ribot to obtain from the British Government—1. The reimbursement of a sum of 10,500 francs for expenses incurred by Lieutenant Mizon when detained by the company's officials; 2. An indemnity of

NEWFOUNDLAND SPOKESMEN.

It says much for the character of the delegates who are now representing the Newfoundland legislature in this country, and also for the strength of their cause, that within ten days of their arrival in England the immediate demands of the colony have been substantially conceded. "We are not an unreasonable delegation," said one of the members as soon as they landed on English soil, and events have justified the assertion. To protest and do nothing more was, they rightly felt, a vain policy, however well based their indignation at British supineness might be, and so they came prepared to realise existing facts, and suggest some acceptable way out of a dilemma full of peril to the peace and stability of the Empire. To Englishmen this may seem a comparatively small matter. In the United Kingdom rigid party lines happily extend but little into the domain of foreign affairs. There are plenty of questions of internal policy to furnish a battle-ground of parties. Not so in Newfoundland and other smaller colonies. There the differences on matters of principle are few and far between, and in the petty and never-ceasing conflict of the "ins" and the "outs" no weapon of assault upon a Government can well be neglected. This very dispute with France has in its varied phases overthrown Ministry after Ministry at St. John's, and when, therefore, local politicians deliberately abandon so fruitful a faction field, and present one united front, as the Newfoundland politicians now do, we may be sure that the question has become one of national moment to them, and that its equitable

settlement is really of vital concern to the colony. It was entirely in this spirit that the present delegation was chosen. Sir William Whiteway, the Premier of the colony, and leader of the delegation, comes of a good Devonshire stock, and his lifelong residence at St. John's has only served to strengthen his attachment to British institutions, and his desire to see Newfoundland fill her proper place in the progress of the Empire. Of much the same frame of mind is the Hon. A. W. Harvey, a member of the Executive who may be said to represent the sentiments of the general merchants of the island. For what may be termed the advance-guard of the delegation we must turn to the Hon. M. Munroe and Mr. A. B. Morine, whose political sympathies are diametrically opposed to the Government of Sir William Whiteway, while the makeweight between the two sections is found in a measure in "Mr. Speaker Emerson," as the Newfoundlanders call him. Only a delegation thus reflecting practically all sections of Colonial life could pledge the people of Newfoundland as Sir William Whiteway and his colleagues have done. They have undertaken to enact a colonial measure to enforce, for another season, the hated Anglo-French *modus vivendi*, and to carry out the award of an arbitration restricted to the lobster issue in the face of their emphatic protests. In return, the Colonial Office has wisely promised that the colony shall be fully consulted before further issues are submitted to arbitration, and Lord Knutsford may yet see the wisdom of going a step further and abandoning, not a month hence, but now, the "Coercive" Bill, with its irritating restriction upon the liberties of a self-governing British colony. It is always wise policy to err on the side of conciliation in dealing with a high-spirited and yet fair-minded community. Let this be done, and we may hope, with Lord Salisbury, that arbitration or other peaceful methods will do the rest, and eventually give Newfoundlanders the unhampered control of the whole of their soil.

CALCUTTA VOLUNTEERS FOR MANIPUR.

As soon as it became known that the Government of India was about to send a military expedition to punish the authors of the outrage in Manipur, many of the Calcutta Rifle Volunteer Corps offered their services; and the Government readily accepted those of the Pioneer Company, which is under the command of Captain M. T. Cox. This gentleman being unfortunately detained by urgent business, Lieutenant W. Y. C. Sullivan took command of the company, which left Calcutta on April 6, in fine condition and high spirits, cheered by a great crowd of spectators. Our Illustration is from a photograph taken by Captain J. Meade, just before they marched from headquarters. It is the first time, since the present Volunteer system was established in India, that any of them have gone on active service in a campaign.



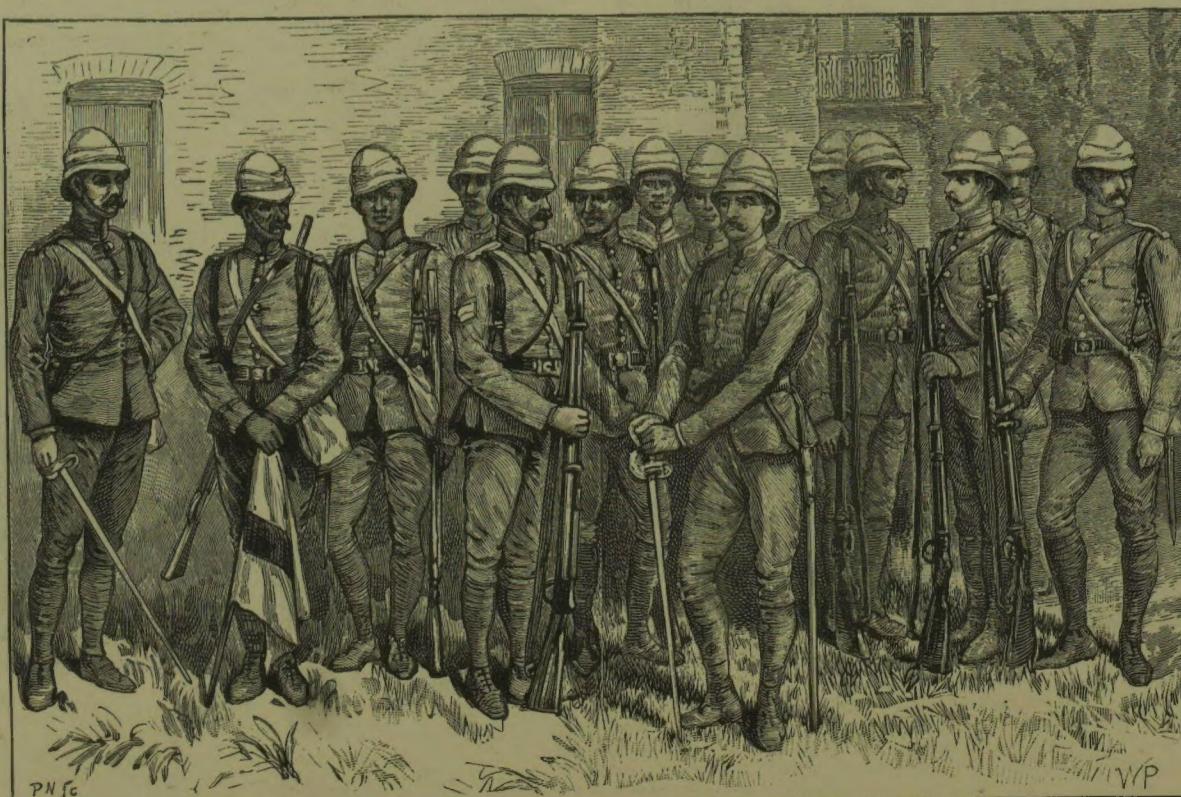
THE NEWFOUNDLAND DELEGATES.

200,000 francs. Lord Salisbury may, no doubt, compel a British company to respect international treaties, and to allow M. Mizon or any other explorer to go up the Niger; but it is beyond the power even of the Prime Minister to force any private company to pay money to anybody, and the Mizon Syndicate will have to follow the example of the Mozambique Company, and bring an action against the Niger Company, if it wishes to obtain a pecuniary compensation.

Africa still occupies a foremost place in European Statesmen's thoughts. The Beira incident is practically closed by the timely concessions made by the Portuguese Government, who will now allow British immigrants and explorers to reach Mashonaland through the Pungwe River, and the presence at the mouth of the river of three British gunboats, commanded by an officer who will be invested with Consular powers. It is also very gratifying to learn that the Portuguese are not assisting in any way the Boer "trek" into Mashonaland, and that President Krüger has effectually "damped" it.

From German East Africa it is reported that Emin Pasha was in the region of Lake Tanganyika a few weeks ago, and that Major von Wissmann is now on his way to Europe.

Naval authorities in England and on the Continent may be said to be on the tiptoe of expectation. The news that the insurgent vessel Blanco Encalada has been sunk by torpedoes fired by the Chilean Government ships Almirante Condell and Almirante Lynch, is looked upon in naval circles as being of the greatest importance from the point of view of naval warfare, but not until full details of the engagement has been received can a correct opinion be formed on the subject.



THE CALCUTTA VOLUNTEER RIFLES, FOR SERVICE IN MANIPUR.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Burnett, the chief secretary to the Labour Commission, is a man of very considerable mark in the labour world. He made his name in trade-union matters over the nine-hours movement, which he practically led. He has not, however, identified himself with the new unionism, and he is believed to be opposed to obtaining the eight-hours day by legal enactment. He is an able, strong, clear-headed man, who has done everything that could be done in connection with his appointment as labour correspondent of the Board of Trade. Unfortunately, the labour department is, as has been ironically stated, run by "a man and a boy," and Mr. Burnett has consequently been severely handicapped in his efforts to produce really valuable statistics of labour matters and movements. Personally, Mr. Burnett gives the impression of caution and level-headedness. His technical knowledge is very great, and his judgment excellent. He is one of the most competent trade-unionists in the country.

Baron Hirsch, the famous financier, who has given—or will give—three millions sterling to settle the Jews in one of the South American Republics, has long had in contemplation the project to which he has at length set his hand. He was greatly impressed by the sight of the atrocities in Russian Poland committed on his unfortunate compatriots, and he then vowed that, if fortune were vouchsafed him, he would do what in him lay to save them from the miseries of their lot by providing an outlet for their emigrants. Already the matter has been put in hand, and a series of conferences have been held in Paris. The probability is that Mr. Arnold White, who has been consulted in the matter from the beginning, will be chosen to put the plan in operation, and to select the territory for the great farming experiment which is in contemplation. Mr. White will probably be starting in a day or so for the Far West.

There is a picturesque side to the Duke of Rutland's investiture with one of the Garters which are at Lord Salisbury's disposal. There can be no doubt that the Duke has personal claims—on the ground of long service, an historic name, an association with the most brilliant and interesting passages in the history of the modern Conservative Party. The old friend and associate of Lord Beaconsfield, and the chief type and embodiment of the New England school, the Duke of Rutland was, as Lord John Manners, the head of the aristocratic semi-Socialist movement which gave valuable assistance in the passage of the Factory Acts, and was at the same time strongly Protectionist. The Duke of Rutland's stately figure, but little bent with age and crowned by a handsome face, the features very finely and delicately marked, and the hair a silvery white, is to this day a familiar sight in the House of Lords and the lobby of the House of Commons, which he still affects.

Mr. C. M. Norwood, the leader of the resistance to the famous dock strike, is dead. He was a man of great power in his way. He was the head of the Billiter Street shipping firm which bore his name, and he sat for Hull for nearly twenty years, until a labour candidature displaced him and let in Mr. King, the present Conservative member for Central Hull. Mr. Norwood was a moderate Liberal in politics, but he never relished the labour element which has of late come into prominence. He did not look a very strong man, and the dock struggle and the financial difficulties of the London and St. Katherine's Docks, with which he was associated, did much to break down his health. Personally he was amiable and easy-going, and he had a considerable reputation for business-like acumen.

The entertainment at the Grosvenor Club the other evening was brilliantly successful. The old galleries (once the delight of the early private viewist) that closed their public career last season commenced the changed régime with a pleasant and distinguished function. After dinner, to which, also, ladies were invited, the Garden scene from "Faust" was given by a group of capable artists, the orchestra being conducted by Signor Ardit. Miss Jessie Bond and Mr. Rutland Barrington rendered with much spirit two of their humorous sketches; and the Viennese band contributed intermittently towards the general enlivenment. Among those present were H.R.H. the Duke of Teck, the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn, the Italian Ambassador and Countess Tornielli, the Duchess of Manchester, Earl and Countess Spencer, Lord and Lady Wolseley, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, Countess Tolstoi, Lady William Lennox, and Sir Walter de Souza.

Mr. August Manns, the eminent and popular Crystal Palace conductor, directed a more than usually interesting programme at his annual benefit-concert on Saturday, April 25. Sydenham amateurs mustered in force for the occasion, eager not only for an afternoon's perfect musical enjoyment, but to do honour to the gifted *chef d'orchestre*, who for thirty-five years has zealously laboured at his unique and arduous post. We say unique, because there is probably no other position of equal prominence in which a conductor is called upon to fulfil such a variety of important duties, from the direction of the Handel Festival down to an evening promenade concert. It may fairly be asserted of Mr. Manns that he shines to advantage in every branch of his work. He has achieved his greatest fame, however, in connection with the renowned Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, which have been under his guidance from the first. The splendid quality of his band and the high excellence of its performances are recognised by musicians of every country and every class.



MR. JOHN BURNETT.

PORTRAITS OF A GIFTED WOMAN.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Half of Mr. Joseph Jacobs's little book of "Essays and Reviews" (David Nutt) is filled with a study of George Eliot, her life, her character, her writings, and how it is that her fame has so soon declined. It is an extremely interesting and fertile theme, and Mr. Jacobs writes upon it with so nervous an anxiety to see and say precisely the right thing, that as we read him we think of the watchmaker peering through that little black tubular glass of his, as the work goes on under his careful fingers. When Mr. Jacobs writes of Matthew Arnold, Browning, Newman, we mark the same characteristic and profit by its natural results, but in a far more faint degree; and the difference is probably accounted for by the fact that Mr. Jacobs had seen George Eliot and talked with her, and not with any of these others. It is an enormous advantage. Critics have to do without it for the most part, and, when they discuss their Drydens and Fieldings and others, seem to be quite unconscious of any privation that may impoverish judgment or pervert it. Yet they know what happens to them when, after years spent in studying the books of a contemporary poet, novelist, essayist, divine, they meet the great man face to face, view him and hear him talk. On the instant, all their preconceived opinions fall apart, so to speak, from an inherent weakness or insufficiency, which now declares itself for the first time; and from the first instant these opinions begin a conscious process of reconstruction, which may alter the original edifice much, or little, or not at all. But, in any case, the student feels that his judgment has come to pieces, if only for a moment, in the presence of the glorious A or the mighty B; and presently he finds that it has been put together again, with change or without, in far greater strength and surety than it had before. The wish to look upon some veritable portrait of a great man whom we are interested in is more than anything else the cry of judgment in need of confirmation, and for that reason a national portrait gallery is almost as useful as a national library.

Whether Sir Frederick Burton's picture of George Eliot is in the national collection I do not know; but that is its right place, for George Eliot is George Eliot, and words cannot speak the perfection of this drawing as a portrait. A life-size head or bust, it used to stand on the mantelshelf in the dining-room at "The Priory"—that is to say, immediately behind the chair in which George Eliot sat when she took her place at the head of the table. If the intention had been to challenge comparison, no better position could have been found for the picture; and when you had compared the portrait with the original twenty times—as you might do in the course of a single evening undetected—your wonder at the likeness was greater than at first. It held good with every change of mood in the living woman's face—not that it was a changeable or "mobile" countenance)—and was true to all. A heavy head with a backward droop (great weight of brain behind the ears, apparently); the lines of the brow quite without distinction; large heavy features capable of vivacity but seemingly over-tired, and more indulgent to a pondering judicial expression, which they habitually wore. The grave grey eyes were good—large, clear, and open as day to the give-and-take of inquiry; the general expression of both face and figure matronly, but matronly as might become the mother of twenty sons, all superior in the learned professions. That extraordinary creature George Henry Lewes—whose tastes were much more physiological than delicate—once told me, when speaking of the sources of George Eliot's intellectual power, that the most remarkable thing about her was "the abundance of Polly's viscera"; of which he assured me I had no idea. To me the most remarkable thing about her, apart from the genius that shines in "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss," was the melody of her voice and the perfect aptitude of every word that flowed from her lips. This Mr. Jacobs remarks upon, as others have; and indeed it is true that, when she spoke of any matter that stirred her thoughts or her feelings to full activity (by which I do not mean to vehemence), the ease, the amplitude, the grace and force of her diction were unsurpassable. If George Eliot drafted her work, and if the drafts are in existence, it would not surprise me to learn that they are better composition than the printed page. There is a lack of spontaneity in much of the best that she ever wrote: the best of her discourse was a more perfect finish with complete spontaneity unimpeded for an instant.

At this rate, however, I might go on to fill pages of the *Illustrated London News*, which is not allowed. But there is room to say that if Mr. Jacobs is of opinion, as he seems to be, that George Eliot's union with George Lewes was unfortunate for her, it is easy to agree with him. The social difficulty apart, it was unfortunate; and it would be a mistake to suppose that she did or could make light of that difficulty. The philosopher in George Eliot never succeeded in burying the woman. She once said that she would readily give half her cleverness to be beautiful: which, in a woman of sense, is significant enough to cover the whole subject. It has been said that Lewes awakened her to a consciousness of her most precious gifts; but that may be doubted. That he was a helpful critic, and a lively spur to ambition and endeavour, is most credible. That he was a most valuable business agent is certain; but that his influence as a whole was a bad one, and a particularly bad one for a woman like George Eliot, has always seemed to me a matter of certainty too. On making acquaintance with them, Mr. Jacobs was "struck by the contrast between the boisterous Bohemian *bonhomie* of George Lewes and the almost old-maidenish refinement of his life's companion." The boisterous Bohemian *bonhomie* of George Lewes was no essential part of his character, and it worked no harm upon George Eliot's old-maidenish refinement, which was not essential either. Refinement there was in abundance; but it was not committed to good keeping in the hands of her life's companion for so many years. Lewes, a man of taste, was coarse with the coarseness of which I have dropped an illustration; and his influence cannot be omitted from any just estimate of her relaxing hold on popular taste. Besides, Lewes did her the irreparable injury of persuading her that she was a poet. It was his discovery that her poetic genius was nearly equal to that of one whose gifts were of precisely the same character as hers—William Shakespeare. And thus, with all her noble faculties, she was set upon a path wherein she stumbled and fell.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Habitués who love to bask in the presence of royalty have been able of late to enjoy themselves to their heart's content. Four times in five evenings recently have the Prince and Princess of Wales and the two Princesses—only just back in town from Sandringham—come to the Opera, making up, as it were, for lost time by witnessing repetitions of the most successful of the season's productions. As is well known, the Princess of Wales is an ardent lover of music, and, now that the Queen herself no longer honours the theatre with her presence, there is no abler or more discerning critic among the members of the royal family than her Majesty's most popular daughter-in-law.

A brilliant, though not precisely crowded, audience attended the performance of "Le Prophète" on Monday, April 27, the royal box being again occupied by the illustrious party above named. It will be remembered that Meyerbeer's most imposing spectacular work was revived, in French, last season expressly for M. Jean de Reszke and Madame Richard, who had therein achieved two of the most noteworthy triumphs of their career at the Paris Opéra. The same eminent artists were now associated once more, and with a similar degree of success. Both are singularly fitted by nature and art alike for the interpretation of the rôles created forty-two years ago by Roger and Madame Pauline Viardot. Not since Mario, the original exponent of the part in London, have we seen here a Jean de Leyde to be compared with M. Jean de Reszke. Always at his best in characters of an heroic stamp, the renowned Polish tenor furnishes in appearance and dignity of bearing an ideal representative of the False Prophet, while his noble voice and vigorous, impassioned style enable him to do perfect justice to the terribly exacting music which Meyerbeer wrote for a singer of exceptional means. So admirable is his method that he knows how to spare himself without ever engendering the slightest sense of inadequate power; or, to put it better, I might say he husbands his resources so skilfully that he can go right through the opera, rising to the full height of every situation, and not betray anywhere the remotest sign of fatigue. Where M. de Reszke's art is greatest is in a scene like that between the mother and son in the cathedral at Münster. An excess of energy at this critical point would spoil all, whereas abundant "reserved force," a marvellous exercise of facial play, and tones that ring with genuine emotion combine to arouse in the audience a degree of real excitement almost equal to that which is being simulated by the spectators upon the stage. When the aged mendicant declares that the Prophet-King is not her son, and the Anabaptists lower their threatening daggers, one positively breathes a sigh of relief.

In the scene just referred to, Madame Richard carries off a large share of the honours. Elsewhere her intonation may occasionally be at fault; but, from the moment that Fidès recognises in the newly crowned tyrant her long-lost son, the grand gifts of the French contralto assert themselves in all their lustre, and she sings and acts throughout this most touching episode with irresistible tragic force and feeling. The *timbre* of her voice is wonderfully sympathetic, and her phrasing and declamation are marked by the highest attributes of the school in which she has been reared. Her splendid rendering in the prison scene of the air "Comme un éclair" was the more remarkable in this instance because of the unlucky contretemps which occurred at the outset—the entire scene having collapsed and bulged forward on to the footlights, compelling the artist hurriedly to make her escape and the curtain to be lowered while preparations were made for another commencement. The *mise en scène* in other respects was up to the customary mark, the dresses in the coronation procession being even more than usually rich and gorgeous. Madame Rolla did excellently in the part of Berthe; M. Dufrèche was an appropriately truculent Oberthal; and the three Anabaptists were played with conspicuous ability by MM. Montariol, Miranda, and Edouard de Reszke. Signor Mancinelli conducted with his wonted vigilance and tact, managing his choral and instrumental forces in wholly satisfactory fashion.

H. K.

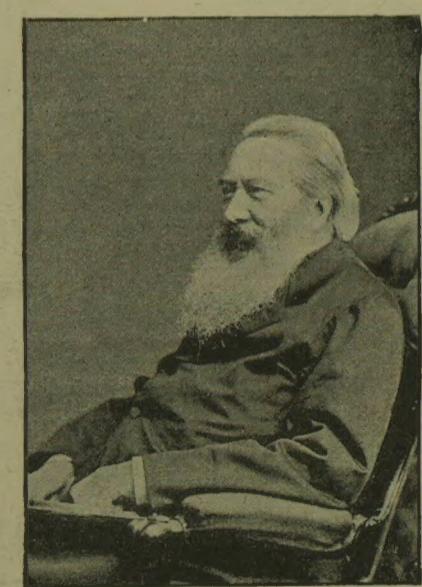
THE LATE REV. G. OSBORN, D.D.

This venerable minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, whose death took place on April 19, at the age of eighty-three, was the senior member of the Conference, having entered it in 1828, and having twice been president, in 1863 and 1881. He



THE LATE MR. C. M. NORWOOD.

Docks, with which he was associated, did much to break down his health. Personally he was amiable and easy-going, and he had a considerable reputation for business-like acumen.



THE LATE REV. G. OSBORN, D.D., SENIOR OF THE WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

was also, for many years, one of the secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and was theological tutor in the college at Richmond, besides much preaching and literary work. The portrait is from a photograph by Mr. A. Seeley, Richmond.



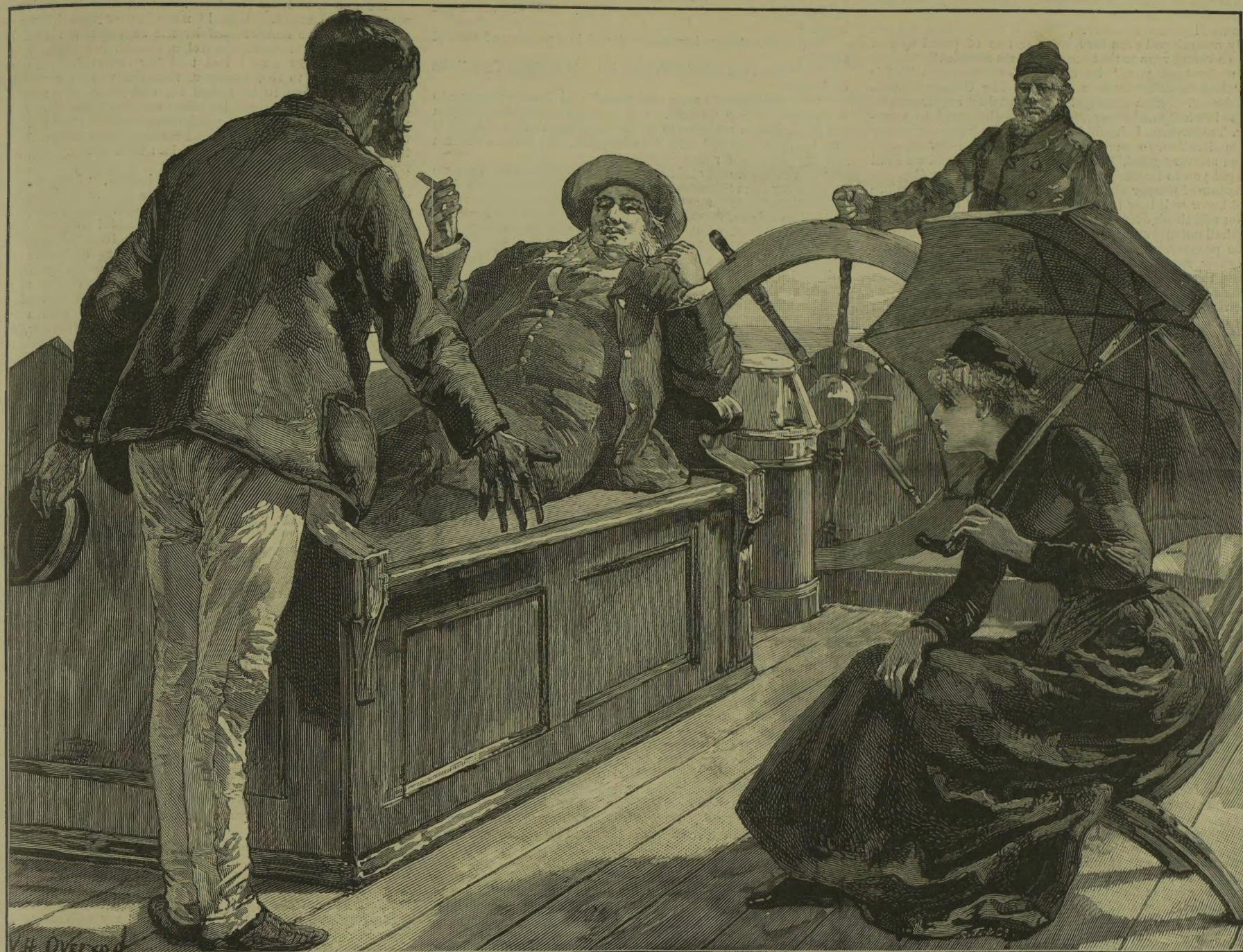
1. Miss Majolier.
2. Master F. Church.

3. Master Leach.
4. Wilfrid Richardson.

5. W. Howard.
6. Miss Soulby.

7. Dorothy Magnay.
8. Miss Alice Leach.

9. Christopher Magnay.
10. J. Williams.



DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

"I desire," continued the captain, very blandly, "to get rid of your deplorable prejudices as I would extinguish a side of bacon—rasher by rasher."

MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BUNTING'S FORECASTLE FARE.

When breakfast was ended, Helga left the table to go to her cabin. Punmeamooty began to clear away the things.

"You can go forward," said the captain. "I will call you when I want you." I was about to rise. "A minute, Mr. Tregarthen," he exclaimed. He lay back in his chair, stroking first one whisker and then the other, with his eyes thoughtfully surveying the upper deck, at which he smiled as though elated by some fine happy fancies. He hung in the wind in this posture for a little while, then inclined himself with a confidential air towards me, clasping his fat fingers upon the table.

"Miss Nielsen," said he softly, "is an exceedingly attractive young lady."

"She is a good brave girl," said I, "and pretty too."

"She calls you Hugh, and you call her Helga—Helga! a very noble, stirring name—quite like the blast of a trumpet, with something Biblical about it too, though I do not know that it occurs in Holy Writ. Pray forgive me. This familiar interchange of names suggests that there may be more between you than exactly meets the eye, as the poet observes."

"No!" I answered, with a laugh that was made short by surprise. "If you mean to ask whether we are sweethearts, my answer is—No. We met for the first time on the twenty-first of this month, and since then our experiences have been of a sort to forbid any kind of emotion short of a profound desire to get home."

"Home!" said he. "But her home is in Denmark?"

"Her father, as he lay dying, asked me to take charge of her and see her safe to Kolding, where I believe she has friends," I answered, not choosing to hint at the little half-matured programme for her that was in my mind.

"She is an orphan," said he; "but she has friends, you say?"

"I believe so," I answered, scarcely yet able to guess at the man's meaning.

"You have known her since the twenty-first," he exclaimed: "to-day is the thirty-first—just ten days. Well, in that time a shrewd young gentleman like you will have observed much of her character. I may take it," said he, peering as closely into my face as our respective positions at the table would suffer, "that you consider her a thoroughly religious young woman?"

"Why, yes, I should think so," I answered, not suffering my astonishment to hinder me from being as civil and conciliatory as possible to this man, who, in a sense, was our

deliverer, and who, as our host, was treating us with great kindness and courtesy.

"I will not," said he, "inquire her disposition. She impresses me as a very sweet young person. Her manners are genteel. She talks with an educated accent, and I should say her lamented father did not stint his purse in training her."

I looked at him, merely wondering what he would say next.

"It is, at all events, satisfactory to know," said he, lying back in his chair again, "that there is nothing between you—outside, I mean, the friendship which the very peculiar circumstances under which you met would naturally excite." He lay silent awhile, smiling. "May I take it," said he, "that she has been left penniless?"

"I fear it is so," I replied.

He meditated afresh.

"Do you think," said he, "you could induce her to accompany you in my ship to the Cape?"

"No," cried I, starting, "I could not induce her, indeed, and for a very good reason: I could not induce myself."

"But why?" he exclaimed, in his oiliest tone. "Why decline to see the great world, the wonders of this noble fabric of universe, when the opportunity comes to you? You shall be my guests; in short, Mr. Tregarthen, the round voyage shan't cost you a penny!"

"You are very good!" I exclaimed, "but I have left my mother alone at home. I am her only child, and she is a widow, and my desire is to return quickly, that she may be spared unnecessary anxiety and grief."

"A very proper and natural sentiment, pleasingly expressed," said he; "yet I do not quite gather how your desire to return to your mother concerns Helga—I should say, Miss Nielsen!"

I believe he would have paused at "Helga" and not have added "Miss Nielsen" but for the look he saw in my face. Yet, stirred as my temper was by this half-hearted stroke of impertinent familiarity in the man, I took care that there should be no further betrayal of my feelings than what might be visible in my looks.

"Miss Nielsen wishes to return with me to my mother's house," said I, quietly: "you were good enough to assure us that there should be no delay."

"You only arrived yesterday!" he exclaimed, "and down to this moment we have sighted nothing. But why do you suppose," added he, "that Miss Nielsen is not to be tempted into making the round voyage with me in this barque?"

"She must speak for herself," said I, still perfectly cool, and no longer in doubt as to how the land lay with this gentleman.

"You have no claim upon her, Mr. Tregarthen?" said he, with one of his blandest smiles.

"No claim whatever," said I, "outside the obligation imposed upon me by her dying father. I am her protector, by his request, until I land her safely among her friends in Denmark."

"Just so," said he; "but it might happen—it might just possibly happen," he continued, letting his head fall on one side and stroking his whiskers, "that circumstances may arise to render her return to Denmark under your protection unnecessary."

I looked at him, feigning not to understand.

"Now, Mr. Tregarthen, see here," said he, and his blandness yielded for an instant to the habitual professional peremptoriness of the ship-master; "I am extremely desirous of making Miss Nielsen's better acquaintance, and I am also much in earnest in wishing that she should get to know my character very well. This cannot be done in a few hours, nor, indeed, in a few days. You will immensely oblige me by coaxing the young lady to remain in this vessel. There is nothing between you. . . . Just so. She is an orphan, and there is reason to fear, from what you tell me, comparatively speaking, friendless. We must all of us desire the prosperity of so sweet and amiable a female. It may happen," he exclaimed, with a singularly deep smile, "that before many days have passed she will consent to bid you farewell and to continue the voyage alone with me."

I opened my eyes at him, but said nothing.

"A few days more or less of absence from your home," he continued, "cannot greatly signify to you. We have a right to hope, seeing how virtuously, honourably, and heroically you have behaved, that Providence is taking that care of your dear mother which, let us not doubt, you punctually, morning and night, offer up your prayers for. But a few days may make a vast difference in Miss Nielsen's future; and, having regard to the solemn obligation her dying father imposed upon you, it should be a point of duty with you, Mr. Tregarthen, to advance her interests, however inconvenienced you may be by doing so."

Happily, his long-windedness gave me leisure to think. I could have answered him hotly; I could have given him the truth very nakedly; I could have told him that his words were making me understand there was more in my heart for Helga than I had been at all conscious of twenty minutes before. But every instinct in me cried, Beware! to the troop of emotions hurrying through my mind, and I continued to eye him coolly and to speak with a well-simulated carelessness.

"I presume, Captain Bunting," said I, "that if Miss

Nielsen persists in her wish to leave your ship you will not hinder her?"

"That will be the wish I desire to extinguish," said he; "I believe it may be done."

"You will please remember," said I, "that Miss Nielsen is totally unequipped even for a week or two of travel by sea, let alone a round voyage that must run into months."

"I understand you," he answered, motioning with his hand; "but the difficulty is easily met. The Canary Islands are not far off. Santa Cruz will supply all her requirements. My purse is wholly at her service. And with regard to yourself, Mr. Tregarthen, I should be happy to advance you any sum in moderation, to enable you to satisfy your few wants."

"You are very good," said I; "but I am afraid we shall have to get you to tranship us at the first opportunity."

A shadow of temper that was not a frown, and therefore I do not know well how to convey it, penetrated his smile.

"You will think over it," said he. "Time does not press. Yet we shall not find another port so convenient as Santa Cruz."

As he pronounced these words Helga entered the cabin. He instantly rose, bowing to her and smiling, but said no more than that he hoped shortly to join us on deck. He then entered his berth.

Helga approached me close, and studied my face for a moment or two in silence with her soft eyes.

"What is the matter, Hugh?" she asked.

I looked at her anxiously and earnestly, not knowing as yet how to answer her, whether to conceal or to tell her what had passed. I was more astonished than irritated, and more worried and perplexed than either. Here was an entanglement that might vastly amuse an audience in a comedy, but that, in its reality, was about as grave and perilous a complication as could befall us. With the velocity of thought, even while the girl's eyes were resting on mine and she was awaiting my reply, I reflected—first, that we were in the power of this captain, in respect, I mean, of his detention of us, while his vessel remained at sea; next, that he had fallen in love with Helga; that he meant to win her if he could; that his self-complacency would render him profoundly hopeful, and that he would go on keeping us on board his craft under one pretext or another in the conviction that his chance lay in time, with the further help that would come to him out of her condition as an orphan and penniless.

"What is it, Hugh?"

The sudden, brave, determined look that entered the girl's face, as though she had scented a danger and had girded her spirit for it, determined me to give her the truth.

"Come on deck!" said I.

I took her hand, and we went up the little companion-steps.

Abraham was standing near the wheel, exchanging a word or two with the yellow-skin who had replaced the fierce-faced creature of the earlier morning. There was warmth in the sun, and the sky was a fine clear blue dome, here and there freckled by remains of the interlacy of cloud which had settled away into the west and north. The breeze was a soft, caressing air, with a hint of tropic breath and of the equatorial sea-perfume in it, and the round-bowed barque was sliding along at some four or five miles an hour, with a simmering noise of broken waters at her side. There was nothing in sight. Two or three copper-coloured men squatted, with palms and needles in their hands, upon a sail stretched along the waist; Nakier, on the forecastle-head, was standing, with a yellow paw at the side of his mouth, calling instructions, in some Asiatic tongue, to one of the crew in the foretopmast cross-trees. I caught sight of Jacob, who was off duty, leaning near the galley door, apparently conversing with some man within. He nodded often, with an occasional sort of pooh-poohing flourish of his hand, puffing leisurely, and enjoying the sunshine. On catching sight of us he saluted with a flourish of his fist. This was the little picture of the barque as I remember it on stepping on deck with Helga that morning.

I took her to leeward, near the quarter-boat, out of hearing of Abraham and the helmsman.

"Now, what is it, Hugh?" said she.

"Why should you suppose there is anything wrong, Helga?"

"I see worry in your face."

"Well," said I, "here is exactly how matters stand; and with that I gave her, as best my memory could, every sentence of the captain's conversation. She blushed, and turned pale, and blushed again; the shadows of a dozen emotions passed over her face in swift succession, and strongest among them was consternation.

"You were vexed with me for not being civil enough to him, Hugh," said she, "and you would not understand that the civility I was the worse it might be with us. Such a conceited silly creature would easily mistake."

"Could I imagine that he was in love with you?"

"Oh! do not say that again," she cried, with disgust in her manner, while she made as though to stop her ears.

"How could I guess?" I went on. "His behaviour seemed to me full of benevolence, hospitality, gratification at having us to talk to, with courtesy marked to you as a girl delivered from shipwreck and the hardships of the ocean."

"Will no ship come?" she cried, looking round the sea. "The thought of remaining in this vessel, of having to disguise my feelings from that man for policy's sake, of being forced to sit in his company and listen to him, and watch his smile and receive his attentions and compliments, grows now intolerable to me, Hugh!" and she brought her foot with a little stamp to the deck.

"Did you know you were so fascinating?" said I, looking at her. "In less than a day you have brought this pale, stout captain to your feet. In less than a day! Why, your charms have the potency of Prospero's magic. In 'The Tempest,' Ferdinand and Miranda fall deeply in love, plight their troth, bill and coo and gamble at chess, all within three hours. This little ship promises to be the theatre of another 'Tempest,' I fear."

"Why did not you make him understand, resolutely *compel* him to understand, that it is our intention to return to England in the first ship?" she exclaimed, with a glow in her blue eyes and a trace of colour in her cheeks and a tremor in her nostrils.

"Bluntness will not do, Helga. We must not convert this man into an enemy."

"But he should be made to know that we mean to go home, and that his ideas"—she broke off, turning scarlet on a sudden, and looked down over the rail at the sea with a gleam of her white teeth showing upon the under-lip she bit.

"Helga," said I, gently touching her hand, "you are a better sailor than I. What is to be done?"

She confronted me afresh, her blue eyes darkened by the suppressed tears which lay close to them.

"Let us," I continued, "look this matter boldly in the face. He is in love with you." For a second time she stamped her foot and bit her lip. "I must say it, for there lies the difficulty. He hopes, by keeping you on board, to get you to like, and then, perhaps, listen to him. He will keep me, too, for the present—not because he supposes that in your present mood, or rather attitude, of mind you would not stay without me, or at least alone with him."

Her whole glowing countenance breathed a vehement No!

"He need not speak passing ships unless he chooses to do so," I went on; "and I don't doubt he has no intention of speaking passing ships. What then? How are we to get home?"

The expression on her face softened to a passage of earnest thought.

"We must induce him to steer his ship to Santa Cruz," she exclaimed.

"You will have to act a part then," said I, after pausing to consider. "He is no fool. Can you persuade him that you are in earnest in wishing to go to the Cape in this ship? If not, his long nose will sniff the stratagem, and Santa Cruz in a few days be remoter than it now is."

She reflected, and exclaimed: "I must act a part if we are to get away from this vessel. What better chance have we than Santa Cruz? We must go ashore to make our purchases, and, when ashore, we would stop there. Yet what a degrading, what a ridiculous, what a wretched position to be in!" she cried. "I would make myself hideous with my nails to get you safely home to your mother, Hugh!" and, with a dramatic gesture I should have deemed the little gentle creature incapable of, she put her fingers to her cheeks.

Abraham was now patrolling the deck to windward, casting his eyes with a look of importance up at the sails, and then directing them at the sea-line. He would, to be sure, find nothing to excite his curiosity in this subdued chat betwixt Helga and me to leeward. I had a mind to call him and explain our new and astonishing situation: then thought, "No; let us mature some scheme first; he will help us better then, if he is able to help at all." I leaned against the rail with folded arms, deeply considering. Helga kept her gaze upon me.

"We should not scheme as though Captain Bunting were a villain!" said I.

"He is a villain to his men!" she answered.

"He is no villain to us, Helga! What we do not like in him is his admiration of you. But this does not make a rascal of him!"

"He promised to transfer us to the first ship that passed!" said she.

"Shall you be well advised in acting a part?" I exclaimed. "You are too frank, of too sweetly genuine a nature; you could not act; you could not deceive him!" said I, shaking my head.

The gratification my words gave her rose to her face in a little smile, that stayed for a moment like a light there.

"How frank and sweet I am I do not know," said she, artlessly; "but I love your praise, Hugh!"

"Madeira is yonder," said I, nodding into the westward, "some hundred odd miles distant, according to our friend's reckoning. If that be so, the Canaries must be within easy reach of two or three days, even at this dull pace. In fact, by to-morrow afternoon we could be having the Peak of Teneriffe blue in the heavens over the bow. We could not make the captain believe, in that time, that we, who have been consumed with anxiety to return to England, have suddenly changed our mind and are willing to sail in his ship to wherever he may be bound. He would say to himself, 'They want me to steer for Santa Cruz, where they will go ashore and leave me!'"

"Yes, that is likely," said the girl.

"We must not speculate and plan as though he were a villain," I repeated. "I believe the safe course will be to behave as though we did not doubt he will transfer us when the chance offers, and we must be ceaseless in our expressions of anxiety to get home."

"That will be genuine in us," said Helga, "and I would rather act so. He will soon discover," added she, colouring, "that he is merely increasing the expenses of the voyage by detaining us."

"He is not a rascal," said I; "he means very honestly; he wishes to make you his wife." She raised her hand. "Admiration in him has nimble feet. I have heard of love at first sight, but have scarcely credited it till now." Her eyes besought me to be still, but I continued, urged, I believe, by some little temper of jealousy, owing to the thought of this captain being in love with her, which was making me feel that I was growing very fond of her too. "But his ideas are those of an honourable, pious man," said I. "He is a widower—his daughter leads a lonely life at home—he knows as much about you as he could find out by plying us both with questions. He is certainly not a handsome man, but"—here I stopped short.

She gazed at me with an expression of alarm.

"Oh, Hugh!" she cried, with touching plaintiveness of air and voice, "you will remain my friend!"

"What have I said or done to make you doubt it, Helga?"

"What would you counsel?" she continued. "Do you intend to side with him?"

"God forbid!" said I, hastily.

She turned to the sea to conceal her face from me.

"Helga," said I, softly, for there was no chance for further tenderness than speech would convey, with Abraham stamping the deck to windward and a pair of dusky eyes at the wheel often turned upon us, "I am sorry to have uttered a syllable to vex you. How much I am your friend you would know if you could see into my heart."

She looked at me quickly, with her eyes full of tears, but with a grateful smile too. I was about to speak.

"Hush!" she exclaimed, and walked right aft, raising her hand to her brow, as though she spied something on the horizon astern.

"A delightful day—quite tropical," exclaimed the captain, advancing from the poop ladder. "What does Miss Nielsen see?"

"She is always searching for a sail," said I.

"May I take it," said he, "that you have communicated to her what has passed between us?"

"Captain," I said, "you ask, and perhaps you expect, too much. You have been a married man; you must therefore know the ropes, as the sailors say, better than I, who have not yet been in love. All that I can positively assure you is that Miss Nielsen is exceedingly anxious to return home with me to England."

"It would be unreasonable in me to expect otherwise—for the present," said he.

He left me and joined Helga, and I gathered by the motions of his arms that he was discoursing on the beauty of the morning. Presently he went below, and very shortly afterwards arrived bearing a little folding-chair and a cotton umbrella. He placed the chair near the skylight. Helga seated herself and took the umbrella from him, the shade of which she might find grateful, for the sun had now risen high in the heavens—there was heat in the light, with nothing in the wind to temper the rays of the luminary. The captain offered me a cigar with a bland smile, lighted one himself, and reposed in a careless flowing way upon the skylight close to Helga; his long whiskers stirred like smoke upon his waistcoat to the blowing of the wind, his loose trousers of blue serge rippled, his chins seemed to roll as though in motion down betwixt the points of his collar. Clearly his study in the direction of posture was

animated by a theory of careless, youthful, sailor-like elegance; yet never did nautical man so completely answer to one's notions of a West-End hairdresser.

He was studiously courteous, and excessively anxious to recommend himself. I could not discover that he was in the least degree embarrassed by the supposition that I had repeated his conversation to Helga, though her manner must have assured him that I had told her everything. He was shrewd enough to see, however, that she was in a mood to listen rather than to be talked to, and so in the main he addressed himself to me. He asked me many questions about my life-boat experiences, particularly wished to know if I thought that my boat, which had been stove in endeavouring to rescue Miss Nielsen and her lamented father, would be replaced.

"Should a fund be raised," he exclaimed, "I beg that my name may not be omitted. My humble guinea is entirely at the service of the noble cause you represent. And what grand end may not a humble guinea be instrumental in promoting? It may help to rescue many wretched souls from the perdition that would otherwise await them were they to be drowned without having time to repent. This is lamentably true of sailors, Mr. Tregarthen. Scarcely a mariner perishes at sea who would not require many years of a devotional life to purge himself of his numerous vices. A humble guinea may also spare many children the misery of being fatherless, and it may shed sunshine upon humble homes by restoring husbands to their wives. You will kindly put me down for a humble guinea."

I thanked him as though I supposed he was in earnest.

"You will never take charge of a life-boat again, I hope, Hugh," said Helga.

"Why not? I like the work," I answered.

"See what it has brought you to," said she.

"Into enjoying the association and friendship of Miss Helga Nielsen," exclaimed the captain. "Mr. Tregarthen will surely not regret that experience."

"I feel that I am responsible for his being here, Captain Bunting," said she, "and I shall continue wretched for his and his mother's sake till we are journeying to England."

"I would gladly put my ship about and sail her home to oblige you," exclaimed the captain, "but for one consideration: not the pecuniary loss that would follow—oh, dear, no!" he added, slowly shaking his head; "it would too quickly sever me from a companionship I find myself happy in."

She bit her lip, looking down with a face of dismay and chagrin, while he eyed her as though seeking for signs of gratification.

"The Canary Islands are within a short sail, I think, captain," said I.

"They are," he responded.

"It would occasion no deviation, I think, for you to leave off some port there—call it Santa Cruz—and send us ashore in one of your excellent, sharp-ended quarter-boats."

"That would be giving me no time," he answered without the least hesitation, and speaking and smiling in the politest, the most bland manner conceivable, "to prevail upon you and Miss Nielsen to accompany me."

"But to accompany you where, Captain?" cried I, warming up.

"To the Cape," he answered.

"Ay, to the Cape," said I; "but I understood that you were to call there to discharge a small cargo and await orders."

"You do not put it quite accurately," said he, still oily to the last degree in his accent and expression. "I own the greater proportion of this vessel, and my orders are my interests. When I have discharged this cargo I must look out for another."

"Yes," said I; "and when you have got it, where is it going to carry you to?"

"Ah!" he exclaimed with a sigh, "who can pierce the future? But who *would* pierce it? Depend upon it, young gentleman, that human blindness—I mean intellectual blindness"—he was proceeding; but I was in no humour to listen to a string of insipid, nasally pronounced commonplaces.

"The long and the short of it, Captain Bunting"—said I, finding an impulse in the soft but glowing eyes which Helga fixed upon me. But before I could proceed, Abraham came from the little brass rail which protected the break of the poop.

"Beg pardon, Sir," said he, addressing the captain. "That there chap Nakier has aristed to be allowed to say a word along wi' ye."

"Where is he, Wise?" inquired the captain, smiling into the boatman's face.

"He's a-waiting down on the quarterdeck, Sir."

"Call him!"

The "boss" mounted the ladder. I was again impressed by the modest, the gentle air his handsome face wore. His fine liquid, dusky eyes glittered as he approached, but without in the least qualifying his docile expression. He pulled off his queer old soldier's cap, and stood looking an instant earnestly from me to Helga before fastening his dark but brilliant gaze upon the captain.

"What now, Nakier?"

"Dere's Goh Lyn Koh says de men's dinner to-day is alle same as yesterday," said the man.

"You mean pork and pease-soup?"

"Yaas, Sar," answered the fellow, nodding with an Eastern swiftness of gesture.

"Just so. Pork and pease-soup. You threw your allowance overboard yesterday. I have not ordered pork and pease-soup to be given to you two days running as a punishment!—oh, dear, no!" he went on, with a greasy cluck coming out, as it were, from the heart of his roll of chins. "What! punish a crew by giving them plenty to eat? No, no; I simply intend that you and the rest of you shall know that I am captain of this ship, and that I must have my way!"

willing to eat what you and my poor dark crew—dark in mind as in skin—profess to disdain?"

"We cannot eat pork," said the man.

"Oh, I think so. You will try?"

"No, Sah, no!" There was a sharp, wild gleam in his eyes as he pronounced these words, a look that desperately contradicted his face, and his gaze at the captain was now a steadfast stare.

"I desire," continued the captain, very blandly, "to get rid of your deplorable prejudices as I would extinguish a side of bacon—rasher by rasher." This he said with another leer at Helga. "I have some knowledge of your faith. You need but make up your mind to know that what I do I do in the highest interests of my crew, and then I shall have every hope of getting you to listen to me, and of transforming you all into thoughtful Christian men before we reach Cape Town."

"You will give us beef to-day, Sah?"

"I think not, and if you throw your allowance overboard you shall have pork again to-morrow."

"We did not sign your articles for dis," said the man, who spoke English with a good accent.

"The articles provide for certain food," answered the captain, "and that food is served out to you in very good measure. You will try—you will try to eat this pork, and when I learn that you have every one of you swallowed one mouthful, you will find me indulgent in other directions, and ready to proceed on the only course which can result in your salvation."

"You will not give us beef to-day, Sah?" said the man, shaking his head.

"Yes; but I must learn first that you have eaten of the pork. I will not insist upon the soup, but the pork you must eat!"

"No, Sah!"

"You can go forward!"

"We signed for meat, Sah: we cannot work on biscuit!"

"Meat you have, and excellent meat too! It is my business to make Christians of you. This little struggle is natural. You can go forward, I say!"

Helga, catching her breath as though to a sudden hysterical constriction of the throat, cried out, "Captain, do not starve these men! Give them the food their religion permits them to eat!"

He looked at her for a moment or two in silence. It was hard to guess at his mind under that fixedly smiling countenance, but it seemed to me as though in those few moments of pause there was happening a really bitter conflict of thought in him.

"I know my duty!" he exclaimed. "I know what my responsibilities are here: what is expected of me!" He reflected again. "I shall have to render an account for my conduct, and human weakness is not forgiven in those who know what is right, and who are in a position to maintain, enforce, and confirm the right." He paused again, then saying softly to Helga, "For your sake!" he turned to Nakier. "This lady wishes that the crew shall have the food their black and wicked superstitions suffer them to eat. Be it so—for to-day. Let the cook go to Mr. Jones's cabin for the key of the harness-cask."

Without a word, the man rounded upon his heel and went forward.

The captain gazed at Helga while he pensively pulled his whiskers.

"It is just possible," said he, "that you may not be very intimately acquainted with the character of the religion I am endeavouring to correct in those poor dark fellow-creatures of mine."

"I dare say they are very happy in their belief," she answered.

"Ay, and the drunkard is happy in his bottle, and the pickpocket when his hand is in the stranger's fob; but it is a sort of happiness the honest part of the world are incessantly struggling to cure. Let me give you two examples of the credulity of our friends yonder," bending his head sideways in the direction of the forecastle. "Nakier will tell you, and will solemnly swear to the truth of what he tells, that Mahomet was conveyed on a mysterious animal from Mecca to Jerusalem, whence he ascended the seven heavens, conversed with patriarchs and angels, then descended to Jerusalem and returned to Mecca—all in the tenth part of a night. Nakier and his mates there believe that. They will also swear that the moon, at Mahomet's command, performed seven revolutions round the temple of Mecca, saluted the Prophet in the Arabic language, entered at the collar of his shirt, and issued forth through his sleeve. What say you to that, Miss Nielsen? And a third: that the Prophet saw angels in heaven whose heads were so large that it would take a bird a thousand years to fly from one ear to the other. What say you to that?" he repeated, smiling.

"They are to be thought of as fairy-tales," said I. "We tell fairy-tales to children, and they believe them. Those men there are children in their way, too. They will not be punished hereafter, I dare say, for being born credulous."

"Besides," exclaimed Helga, with a defiant gleam in her eye as she looked at the captain, "who are we to sit in judgment on one another? Let every man see to himself!"

He arched his eyebrows and spread his waistcoat, and had fetched a deep breath preparatory to delivering one of his fathoms of tedious commonplace; but his eye was at that instant taken by the clock under the skylight.

"Ha!" he cried, "I must fetch my sextant; it is drawing on to noon. I will bring you an instrument, Miss Nielsen: we will shoot the sun together."

"No, if you please," she exclaimed.

He entreated a little, but her *no* was so resolutely pronounced that, contenting himself with a bland flourish of his hand, he went below.

"What is to be done, Hugh?" whispered Helga. "We shall not be able to induce him to land us at Santa Cruz. Is he mad, do you think?"

"No more than I am," said I. "One vocation is not enough for the fellow. There are others like him in my country of Great Britain. What a sea-captain, to be sure! How well he talks—I mean for a sea-captain! He has a good command of words. I wager he has made more than one rafter echo in his day. And he is sincere too. I saw the struggle in him when you asked that the men should have their bit of beef. Yet if they don't cut his throat!"

"How am I to make him understand," said she, "that nothing can follow his keeping us here?"

"At all events," I exclaimed, "we can do nothing until we sight a ship heading for home."

"That is true," she answered.

"We came aboard yesterday," I continued, "since when nothing has been sighted; therefore, be the disposition of the man what it will, he could not down to this moment have put us in the way of getting home. But here he comes."

He rose through the companion hatch, with a sextant in his hand, and, stepping over to the weather side of the deck, fell to ogling the sun that flamed over the weather-bow.

To be continued.

PIERROT.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MDLLE. JANE MAY.

All the world and his wife, to say nothing of that portion of the British public which supplies that estimable couple with their bread and butter and other luxuries, are crowding every night at nine, and three afternoons a week at three, to witness "a musical play without words." "L'Enfant Prodigue" proves conclusively that a supply can sometimes create a demand. Who would have believed a month ago, that a simple, modest little French tragicomedy, acted entirely in dumb show, and



MDLLE. JANE MAY.

by only five *dramatis personae*, would hold spellbound, and for over three hours at a time, typical London audiences used to the more substantial joys offered by—but no, it would be invidious to make comparisons—audiences becoming now so fastidious that play after play has to be thrown aside after a few evenings' trial, the gods dictating to managers as masters to their slaves, and, what is not always the case with the latter, being instantly obeyed.

Apparently, pantomime is what the patrons of the drama have unconsciously longed for all their dramatic existence, and, with such artists as Mdlle. Jane May, Madame Schmidt, and M. Courtès to furnish the feast, they have been rarely satisfied.

"L'Enfant Prodigue's" power lies in its simplicity and simple, clear grouping of the types which appeal in different degrees to all of us. M. and Madame Pierrot, *père et mère*, are a very commonplace French bourgeois couple, and we may find a thousand such in the Faubourg Montmartre, and a hundred such in the purlieus of Charlotte Street or Leicester Square. They have but little interest in one another. Monsieur did not marry his first love, or second either, but a worthy *jeune fille* chosen for him by his mother; and Madame, knowing this well, has concentrated, as is the pathetic fashion with Frenchwomen, all the romance and love of her nature on her boy, Pierrot *jeune*, the graceless scamp who falls in love with the aptly named Phrynette, his mamma's



MDLLE. JANE MAY AS "L'ENFANT PRODIGUE."

washerwoman, robs his father, and finally, after wasting his substance with riotous living, comes back "to make it up" with the old father and mother, only to depart again in order to expiate his sins by serving his country.

A very simple plot, truly, but which contains vast possibilities of humour and pathos, laughter and tears, especially when interpreted by those now playing "L'Enfant Prodigue." Mdlle. Jane May, in the white snowflake *travestissement* for which is always supposed to be Pierrot's Moon livery—for

the allegorical "gamin" bears a subtle affinity to the Queen of Night, as witness the nursery song—

Au clair de la lune,
Mon ami Pierrot,
Préte-moi ta plume
Pour écrire un mot—

looks her part to the life, and never—surely a difficult thing to avoid—over-acts her gestures, keeping, on the contrary, a delicate measure which gives value to the slightest look and movement. Her slim figure and mobile delicate face recall to a singular degree Déjazet, that great past mistress of delicate comedy and refined expression, whose like has never been seen again even on the French stage; and, when she speaks, the dumbly eloquent Pierrot of yesterday has the clear soft voice and pure enunciation of the Parisian actress.

"Are you one of the Conservatoire's old pupils, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes. I studied there for some time under the famous actor-teacher M. Regnier, but, owing to family misfortunes, I found it impossible to go through the whole course, but had to try and earn my living at once, as well as I could. M. Alexandre Dumas fils was very kind. He had heard me recite in my class, and recommended me to the then directors of the Gymnase Theatre, where I made my début in Pailleron's 'L'Age Ingrat.' After that I created the part of Edith in Delpit's 'Le Fils de Coralie,' Coralie being played by Madame Tessandier; and later on I created Dennery's 'Martyre' at L'Ambigu Theatre, always taking, you will notice, high-comedy *ingénue* parts."

"And when did you first begin this unique, strange way of acting?"

"About two years ago. M. Larcher and his brother started the Cercle Funambulique, a club only composed of gentlemen members, but which gave theatrical representations to which ladies were admitted; and, by way of doing something new and original, they imagined a revival of the old Italian pantomime, which flourished intermittently through the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, its last famous exponent being Débureau. But, all the same, the two genres have little in common. The Italian pantomime had a kind of dumb language by signs which the audience thoroughly understood. Again, there was a great deal of dancing and comic side-play in their pieces. The Messrs. Larcher attempted successfully to persuade the best Parisian artists to co-operate with them, and among the first who responded were Madame Sarah Bernhardt and Théo. The performances took place in the club, and spectators could only attend by special invitation. 'Pantomime' became the craze, and soon the 'Bouffes' organised dumb operas, and amateur actors abandoned private theatricals for this new genre."

"Is it necessary to be a really good actor or actress in order to succeed in pantomime?"

"Yes, indeed! And, strangely enough, men act more easily and with more true realism in dumb show than do their sister artists. M. Larcher has often told me of the difficulty he has experienced when composing the feminine portion of his troupe."

"Are as many rehearsals necessary for pantomime acting as when ordinary spoken comedy is about to be played?"

"If anything, the piece must be more carefully rehearsed, for in pantomime every gesture, look, and touch must be thoroughly mastered, or the effect of the whole will be completely wanting in harmony, and therefore *mangné*; also, no mediocre or unpractised actor can take a rôle. Before attempting pantomime, considerable experience of the dramatic art, both comedy and tragedy, must have been gone through by both actor and actress. The mental and physical fatigue attendant on these kind of performances is tremendous. After the play is over, I feel absolutely tired out, body and soul. You see, the strain is kept up in a far more intense fashion than when you are simply rendering a natural speaking part."

"And what made you think of trying the bold experiment of acting 'L'Enfant Prodigue' in England?"

"The two authors, Messrs. Carré and Wormser, were desirous that I should make the attempt; and we have none of us had reason to regret that we did so, for from the first everyone has been most kind."

"Then you found that the British public appreciated the subtle art of pantomime?"

"Not only have the audience appreciated, but they from the first seized every *nuance*, understood every touch suggested by our play, or intimated by the music—for where would pantomime be without its accompaniment? Every note has a *raison d'être* and corresponding action, and every 'manner' must have the score by heart, or good-bye to truthful interpretation."

"The choice of subjects must be necessarily limited?"

"Not so. It is possible to ring many changes on Pierrot, and I have an extensive répertoire, especially of one- and two-act plays, such as 'La Récérence,' which we hope to perform in drawing-rooms, at receptions, and 'at homes,' for after midnight our time is our own"—smiling—"and pantomime is very suitable for that sort of thing."

"Have you ever been in England before, Mademoiselle?"

"Oh yes! I have been over several times with M. Mayer's company at the Royalty Theatre: there I performed in 'Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie,' 'Divorçons,' 'Niniche,' &c., for I studied singing as well as acting at one time."

"But, on the whole, you prefer pantomime, Mademoiselle?"

"Well, I cannot deny that from an artistic point of view there is something very interesting to an actress in this form of drama, which necessitates, more than anything else of the kind, exercise of the purely dramatic and intellectual side of our art; but, as I said before, though interesting, pantomime is very exhausting, and takes a great deal out of the performers. I do not think, for that reason, that amateurs will ever really take kindly to Pierrot and his surroundings, they mean such really hard work. But, still, I have got very much attached to my Pierrot! We often appreciate that which has given us most pain to attain in this world." And with a half-smile, half-sigh, Mdlle. Jane May rose to prepare for Pierrot's *entrée en scène*.

Our Illustration of Mdlle. Jane May is from a photograph by Walery, of Regent Street, and of Pierrot from a photograph by Alfred Ellis, of Upper Baker Street.

The anniversary of Shakespeare's birthday was celebrated at Stratford-on-Avon on April 23. From returns just made up for the past year it appears that nearly 20,000 visitors paid for admission to the poet's house, thirty-six nationalities being represented. A large proportion were Americans. The number shows a large increase on that of the previous year.

The Legislature of the State of Minnesota is a model in its way. The latest effort is a Bill prohibiting the wearing of "tights so called" on the stage, under penalty of a fine of 100 dollars, or imprisonment for ninety days. The difficulties of legislation of this character were so far realised that the worthy State senators felt it incumbent upon them to accept an invitation of the local opera manager to witness his performance before finally enacting the law.



THE FROZEN-MEAT MARKET AT KRASNOIARSK.



SOJOURNERS IN A STRANGE LAND.

SKETCHES IN SIBERIA, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



BORN OCTOBER 26, 1800.

THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT VON MOLTKE.

DIED APRIL 24, 1891.

MINOR ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE JAPANESE GALLERY, 28, NEW BOND STREET.

The names of Varley and Fripp are so closely and honourably connected with English water-colour painting that a kindly welcome to their present bearers is a foregone conclusion.



"STREET IN YUMOTO, JAPAN."—BY JOHN VARLEY.
JAPANESE GALLERY.

But Mr. John Varley and Mr. Charles Fripp have stronger credentials of their own works. Neither, however, had previously found subjects so suited to their special talents as those furnished in such profusion by the "Land of the Rising Sun." There is in the nature as well as in the art of Japan an indescribable suggestion of refined taste and pictorial effect. The people are, and have been, for long centuries, consciously or unconsciously, artistic and tasteful; and this sentiment, which is said to be fading from the cities and seaports in contact with Western civilisation, still lingers in the country districts. It is, therefore, among these that we must look for Mr. Varley's most characteristic sketches. The shrines and temples, the bath-houses and tea-gardens, furnish by turns delightful glimpses of Japanese life; but it is when he pushes farther afield and shows us the beauties of the open country, with its well-wooded plains, fringed by lofty blue mountains, that we learn something of the sources whence old Japanese art drew its inspiration. The views of the great plain between Chinzenji and Yumoto—the hot sulphur lakes with their quaint colouring, the magnificent maple forests, wearing every tint, from yellow to carmine, furnish Mr. Varley with subjects for some of his most successful studies; and those who care to obtain a correct idea of the "Land of Gentle Manners and Fantastic Arts" cannot do better than devote an hour to wandering among scenes which, according to competent authority, the artist has reproduced with as much truth as skill.

Mr. Fripp devotes himself more exclusively to figure-painting. He is at once a colourist and a humourist, and has caught with brilliancy and delicacy the quainter side of the Japanese character. He does not pretend, as some of his forerunners in that country, that Japanese women and children are more beautiful, according to our standard, than any others; but he recognises fully their wonderful sense of form and colour as shown in their dresses and suggests that they have a sense of fun and an innate playfulness which neither age nor daily toil altogether effaces.

THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERY.

It is scarcely more than two years since Mrs. Allingham exhibited her studies of Surrey lanes and cottages, and since then she has been a constant purveyor of dainty work to numerous galleries. Her power of work, however, is not exhausted; and in the present collection of drawings, many of

which are unfinished, we can detect the restless energy which seems to impel her onward. Of her delicacy as a colourist, as of her sympathy with cottage scenery, all has been already said. Mrs. Allingham's art is eminently pretty, and it is at the same time—and within limits—essentially truthful. Of her feeling for the

seaweed—between which she shows the difference—and her appreciation of the beauty of Southdown "distances" under the influence of autumn haze. But it will be as the painter of Surrey cottages and their bright gardens that Mrs. Allingham will hold her place among English water artists.

THE EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.

The Society of Lady Artists, now in its thirty-sixth year, shows no symptoms of declining strength. Its aims are modest, and in a sense benevolent, for it keeps before the public the names and works of many meritorious seekers after fame, who



"A RUSTIC COTTAGE."—BY MRS. ALLINGHAM.
FINE ART SOCIETY'S GALLERY.

would otherwise find but scant courtesy in the rougher competitions of the art-world. As may be expected, the water-colour drawings predominate in quality as well as in number.

Among those who show more than the dexterity of a well-trained amateur may be mentioned Miss Butler, Miss Barton, and Miss O'Hara, all of whom belong to the sister isle—Miss Rayner, Miss Thorneycroft, Mrs. Cecil Lawson, Miss Kate Macaulay, Mrs. Naftel, Miss Partridge, and others. From the last-named lady there is a careful and bright study of an "Old House at Cobham"—a real relic of fifteenth-century architecture—which attracts all who pass by that typical Surrey village. The same lady also exhibits some specimens of miniature-painting—an art which has too long been eclipsed by the more "brutal" methods of photography. Miss Rosa Hensman's "Dancing Girl" is also a very creditable specimen of pastel work in every way—the pose of the girl being natural and graceful, and the drapery well rendered, while Mrs. J. T. Watt's "Old Steps at Whitby"—just catching the sunlight on the edge of each well-worn "tread"—is most praiseworthy.

The series of drawings by Miss Patty Townsend, partly of Warwickshire and partly of the sandy coast of Picardy, deserve special mention. Miss Townsend has a keen sense of the picturesque, and her illustrations of "George Eliot's Country"—round Shepperton, Nuneaton, and Griff—will recall some of the "Scenes of Clerical Life" with which those places are associated. We are almost inclined to quarrel with Miss Townsend for revealing to the public the charms—it would be wrong to say the beauties—of Berck. Up to a short time ago it was an ideal bathing-place for children, where there was nothing to do but to lie among the sand hills and watch the sails as they slowly passed across the low horizon. Now we fear it is becoming fashionable and frequented, and Miss Patty Townsend's drawings will help to make it so.



"A BIT OF OLD COVENTRY."—BY PATTY TOWNSEND (MRS. JOHNSON).
LADY ARTISTS' EXHIBITION, EGYPTIAN HALL.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Once upon a time, when a great magician was Chancellor of the Exchequer, he used to make the Budget like a fairy tale. As you listened to him, the bean-stalk of the nursery legend seemed to grow before your eyes, and you climbed it with eager haste to find the golden Surplus at the top. The magician still lives, but he is extremely old, and he employs his magic in other matters, with somewhat less entrancing effects. In his stead there is a Chancellor of the Exchequer who gets through the Budget as if it were a nightmare. Mr. Gladstone was wont to handle his figures as if he were the master of a moving pageant. Millions obeyed his call, and moved rhythmically in their allotted places. The most intricate calculations unfolded themselves with delightful ease. Merry little sums in multiplication skipped here and there like young lambs. The National Debt danced a stately measure, and the Surplus brought down the House with the most graceful gyrations. And the whole procession was inspired by the music of a wonderful voice, which charmed the most crabbed arithmetic into harmonious response. But Mr. Goschen presented a very different spectacle. He fought with his figures as if he were a prey to some horrible dream, and they were dancing on his chest. He lost himself in voluminous notebooks; he groped his way through tortuous labyrinths. The House watched the exhibition with the growing fascination of horror. One moment I thought Mr. Goschen would have been choked by currants. They are usually supposed to decorate the harmless necessary pudding, but on this occasion they seemed to stick, with diabolical malice, in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's throat. Then I saw him launched on a fiery sea of alcohol. The spirits of rum and brandy fought for his soul. Blue flames sparkled and sputtered round him as if he were a snapdragon. Clouds of tobacco-smoke enveloped him in a spectral robe, and long clay pipes whirled about him in demoniacal glee. The spell of the nightmare was not broken till I heard him remark, with a kind of agonised gasp, that he hoped the reporters would be able to make his figures clear in the morning.

During this performance, which lasted for hours and hours, if not months and years, the old magician sat on the bench opposite with an expression of unwearied interest. I have been told that when actors are not at work they always go to the play, and follow the longest-winded story with unquenchable curiosity to see how it all ends. Mr. Gladstone sat through this ghostly melodrama of Mr. Goschen's, patiently waiting for the secret of the Surplus. Probably this was the last Budget of this Parliament. Was the taxpayer to be dazzled by some magnificent boon which would command his gratitude at the general election? Was it a penny off the income tax? No; that would mean a remission of considerably over two millions, and the Surplus was under that amount. There was a time when a penny off the income tax meant only half a million, but now a Chancellor of the Exchequer who is suffering from nightmare cannot earn repose and the blessings of a grateful country by giving the penny away. At last the secret is out. It is Free Education. "Assisted," murmurs one of Mr. Goschen's colleagues, in mild correction of his adjective. But the front Opposition bench is too much taken aback to notice this little rift in the Ministerial lute. The old actor cannot conceal his surprise at this climax of the play. It is an entirely new situation, and the Opposition critics have something more than a suspicion that they have been dished. But on the Ministerial side of the House there is no great relish for Mr. Goschen's announcement. The sturdy champions of Voluntary Schools have always regarded Free Education with unconcealed dread. They have denounced it as a Socialistic experiment which no Conservative Government ought to make. As the momentous words fall from Mr. Goschen's lips, I catch sight of Mr. Henry Howorth, whose features are vivid with dismay and disapprobation. Mr. Howorth is the epistolary genius of his party. He does not speak much, but he is a survival of the typical Briton who, in a moment of disgust, always said, "I shall write to the *Times*." I believe that, when he is not actually writing, Mr. Howorth sits and frames letters in his head; and I expect he will rise one evening and, in sheer inadvertence, fire off something like this: "Sir, I beg the courtesy of your powerful journal for the purpose of exposing a deep-laid scheme against the integrity of the Constitution by those who ought to be its unwavering champions, and who have abandoned Conservative principles for the sake of a despicable electioneering cry!"

There is another face in the assembly which is an index of disagreeable emotion. The enormous increase in the consumption of alcohol pressed heavily on Sir Wifrid Lawson's spirits. Never has so much intoxicating liquor been drunk in England as during the past year. In the last Budget there were symptoms of a decline in the liquor bill, and the figures of tea and coffee seemed to argue a marked advance in the temperance movement. But what is to be made of this rally of the spirituous, this race for a bad pre-eminence between brandy and rum? The demand for tobacco, too, has grown enormously. In a flight of arithmetical fancy, Mr. Goschen suggests that thirty-six million more pipes have been smoked than in the previous year—a calculation which particularly amuses Mr. Labouchere, who evidently knows how much more tobacco has gone in the consumption of cigarettes. But when the Chancellor of the Exchequer remarks that the manufacture of English cigars is exceptionally flourishing, a perceptible shudder runs through the crowded benches. "I wonder whether Seymour Keay was nourished on English cigars," murmurs Mr. Balfour in the ear of Mr. Smith. But the Leader of the House is anxious, and smiles very faintly. He is thinking what a blow the Free Education business will be to Mr. Howorth, and of that inevitable letter in the *Times*, which his duty to his country will compel him to read.

But one member of the Ministry is quite happy. When Mr. Goschen declares that the Government are determined to employ not the cheapest labour but the best, Mr. Raikes smiles with an air of conscious pride. It is in the Post Office, of course, that these excellent resolutions have been practised with shining virtue. Miserable detractors have accused that department of sweating its servants, but now they are put openly to shame, and one more proof is given that the Post Office is exalted by native righteousness above all necessity for public inquiry.

THE GENIUS OF GEORGE MEREDITH.

BY RICHARD GARNETT, LL.D.

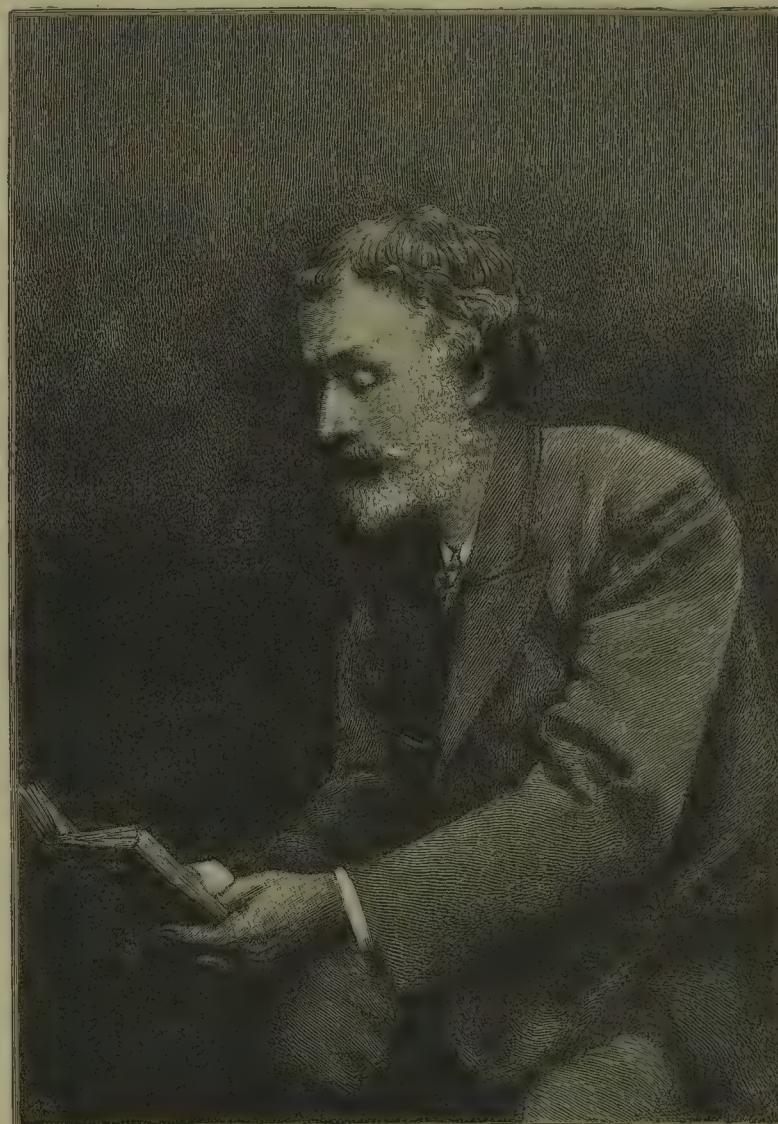
The title of Mr. George Meredith's last work might pass for a compendious description of himself. He is indeed "one of our conquerors"; winning his way from the toleration accorded to an eccentricity, dashed with some measure of the amazement due to a natural curiosity, up to genuine popularity and recognition from readers of every grade of intellectual calibre. The days have gone by when his friends wrote about him to, as well as in, the newspapers, or when the knowledge of Meredith was the Open Sesame to an esoteric circle. This victory has been won without compromise of the author's artistic conscience. On the contrary, as usual with men of strong individuality, his mannerisms have become more accentuated, and his demand for a thinking reader more peremptory and exacting. Nor can we entirely concur in Mr. Le Gallienne's solution,* that the higher criticism has wrought out this deliverance, that the cultivated minority has lifted the dull majority to its own level. "It has called in the man from the highways to the feast," he says. Rather, we think, has the public discovered for itself that what is enigmatical in Mr. Meredith is in the main the offspring of two great virtues—intense concentration and intense originality. He condenses to the verge of obscurity; his sentences are often so packed with meaning that, like ancient papyri, they must be unrolled before they can be read. He seldom displays a thought to be looked at full in the face; rather, as an artist would, he varies the point of view with sole regard to the picturesque. In these respects he closely resembles two great writers with whom he has much in common, whose strangeness was also denounced as artifice, and forgiven when it was proved nature. But Mr. Meredith has not hitherto relapsed with the latter-day Carlyle into rhapsody, or thrashed empty straw with the veteran Browning.

What, then, is the special quality in Mr. Meredith which has brought him up from the crypt to the shrine, and endowed him with a celebrity not absurdly disproportioned to his merits? Perhaps we may find an answer, if it be true, as stated, that this popularity dates from the publication of "Diana of the Crossways." There is hardly such another *tour de force* in literature as this book. The man who could make you accept Diana could do anything. She has committed one of the basest acts of perfidy conceivable, and has incurred a contempt from which it should seem there could be no redemption. Mr. Meredith takes up her cause, and brings her off in triumph. It would be little if this had been achieved by sophistry, by confusing moral distinctions, or by the demonstrative but illogical method of Hyperides. He makes us understand, what is really the fact, that Diana's moral standard is inevitably much below that of an honourable man, but that, such as it is, it is perfectly sincere and genuine, and as such far more worthy of respect than a merely conventional one of much higher pretensions. The brilliant debate rang, month by month, through the *Fortnightly Review*, and we can well believe that it opened many eyes to the fact that Mr. Meredith was not merely very clever as a writer, but as a man very strong, just, and humane. When his other novels come to be examined in the light of "Diana of the Crossways," we find the same core of humanity, the same intense sympathy with poor human nature in the dilemmas in which frailty or fortune are continually involving it—the same robust and generous, and by no means idly sentimental, conviction that this nature is, after all, a good and not a bad thing. "The light," he says, "of every soul burns upward. Let us allow for atmospheric disturbance." Most of the scenes and characters in Mr. Meredith's novels are grouped around some such soul, seldom, happily, requiring as much indulgence as Diana on the score of cross atmospheric currents. Sometimes, as in "Sandra Belloni" and its sequel, the protagonist claims our fullest admiration; more frequently, as in "Richard Feverel," the appeal is to the tenderer

emotion of fellow-feeling with human weakness; once, in "Evan Harrington," our interest is enlisted for an unscrupulous intriguer, in whose discomfiture we rejoice, but who has nevertheless proved by her indispensability to the book that it takes all sorts of persons to make a world. But everywhere Mr. Meredith is simply and beautifully human; his most charming characters approach perfection in virtue of healthy human constitutions, not of imported sanctity: the infirmities of his weaklings, the rascalities of his rogues, and the absurdities of his fools spring from taint of blood or tyranny of circumstance, such as may happen to all. All these are parcel of mankind; the one character for whom even he has no sympathy, and in the treatment of whom he is well-nigh relentless, is a comparatively immaculate personage, the Egoist, the man perfect in his own sight, and living entirely for himself. In these respects he bears the profoundest inward resemblance to the writer with whom outwardly he has most in common—Browning, whose best work is entitled simply "Men and Women," and who, while his genius remained flexible and ardent, resembled Meredith in his seemingly boundless power of various creation, and in the vitality of his characters as actual human beings never too exalted or too debased for sympathy, no less than in qualities of the purely literary order.

If this be a just view of the essential characteristics of

Mr. Meredith's genius, it must be apparent that he is a writer for his age. The leading note of this epoch is its intense humanity, which has inspired its art, shaped its legislation, and prescribed new standards to its theologies and philosophies. Such a writer, on one condition, must be a living force in the age whose animus he has expressed, and in a certain measure live in future ages also, since a prophet in his own generation can never be devoid of interest or significance to the generations to come. The condition is that the literary expression of his thought should be the adequate representation of his own nature. Affectation is fatal, and affectation is the charge to which a writer of Mr. Meredith's point and sparkle seems at first sight most open. To refute it, it is needful fully to appreciate the depth of living and passionate emotion out of which these flakes of brightness bubble to the surface. It then becomes transparent that Mr. Meredith's epigrams are not concocted apart, and cleverly adjusted to the text like the flourishes in some old copperplate books, but are the very tissue of his subject, which might have found more natural expression, but which it has been his humour to convey in epigrammatic form. It is perfectly true that this constant dazzle not merely blinds the dull reader, but may well fatigue the intelligent. It is some set-off against the advantage of never allowing the



From a Photograph by Mr. Frederick Hollyer.

Frederick Hollyer

reader to go to sleep that neither should he ever be allowed to repose. This habitual insistence upon our very closest attention, while from the force of contrast enhancing the charm of Mr. Meredith's numberless passages of frank nature and delicious idyl, does, it must be admitted, trace a line of demarcation between him and the very greatest masters. You cannot take liberties with him, as with Scott and Cervantes; you cannot open him at random, or sit down with him for an idle hour. The best apology we can offer is that he is, after all, a dramatist in the dress of a novelist. He should have lived in the age of Congreve, and been the English Molière. Just as the loveliest complexion must condescend to artifice to adapt itself to stage exigencies, as the stature of the heroic actor needed the enlargement of the buskin, so ordinary nature and ordinary speech require a slight heightening to adapt themselves to stage purposes. Mr. Meredith, born to be a supreme artist in comedy, has bowed, as he must, to the decree that the comedy of the closet and the comedy of the boards shall not be united in this generation. But in consenting to be a novelist he has retained the literary methods of the dramatist: his people are costumed and their talk accentuated for the theatre; everything is at one remove from ordinary life. Posterity will not get from him the absolutely accurate idea of English society which it will derive from George Eliot and Anthony Trollope, but it will get the nearest possible approximation to the dignified and splendid comedy of manners, but for him utterly extinct.

* *Characteristics of George Meredith.* By Richard Le Gallienne, with Bibliography by John Lane. Second Edition. Elkin Mathews.

THE NEW GRUB STREET.

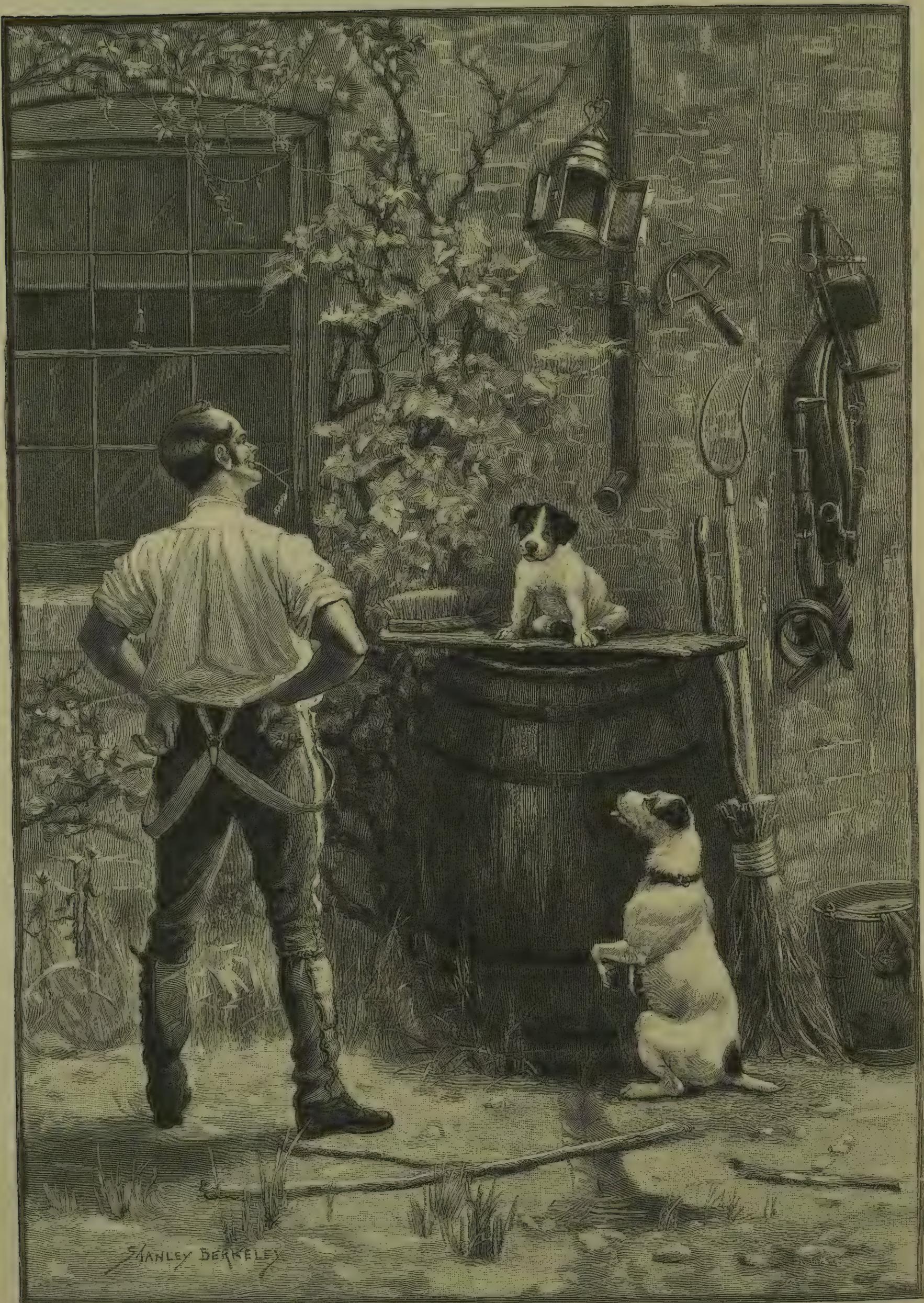
It was Thackeray who complained that Pope's pillory of Grub Street in the "Dunciad" had established the tradition of literary depravity which made the profession of letters an obstacle to public employment. Before Pope's satire it was quite common for literary men to figure in the public service. Addison was a Secretary of State, Prior was an Ambassador. Any literary man of fair standing had a chance of holding a respectable post in the Administration. To have written a quotable poem or two was a direct qualification for a Commissionership in the Sealing Wax Department. But the "Dunciad" degraded the profession of literature, and there came a time when it was as difficult to give a poet or a novelist a public appointment as to translate him to the stars. People acquired the habit of regarding the literary calling as prejudicial to any reputation for responsibility, and, instead of shining as Secretaries of State or succeeding to comfortable sinecures under Government, the tribe of writers found it no easy matter to maintain a position in decent society. Lockhart refused to edit the *Representative* because Sir Walter Scott had an idea that editors of newspapers were more or less disreputable. The novelist looked down upon the journalist, and was in his turn despised

by the politician. Even Macaulay, one of the giants of the pen, had a half-compassionate regard for Thackeray as a mere humourist and story-teller. All these variations of indignity were due perhaps to the old Grub Street tradition: at all events, there grew up in the public mind a fixed belief that the literary man was incapable of practical administration, that he was exceptionally liable to irregularities, and that he frequently did indefensible things in the spirit of the Apothecary of Mantua. "My poverty, and not my will, consents."

It is probable that Mr. George Gissing's remarkable novel, "New Grub Street" (Smith, Elder), will not remove certain popular conceptions about the lives of professional writers. Mr. Gissing presents his subject in extremely sombre colours. One of his chief characters is a novelist who is shattered by misfortune, and made hopelessly incapable of work. Edwin Reardon sits for hours with his manuscript in front of him, unable to write a line. What could be more decisive proof to the practical mind of the irresponsibility of the literary faculty? Another character is a scholarly drudge who compiles articles which nobody reads, and snarls at his family during meals. A third produces a realistic novel about a grocer, and commits suicide. A fourth gives lessons in the art of novel-writing, and is saved from the prevailing squalor by a windfall in the shape of the editorship of a chatty journal. A fifth, who declines to be conscientious, because it is a luxury he cannot afford, succeeds by combined meanness and audacity in making an independent position in the world of journalism. A sixth is a girl who sets her heart upon the journalist, and is thrown aside when he finds that she is not a stepping-stone in his fortunes. Every one of these portraits is painted with surprising skill and relentless fidelity to the general scheme of sordid struggle. In this Grub Street nobody is able to earn sufficient money for a bare subsistence, except the journalist, who, after living on his mother's slender purse while he learns his trade, picks up a livelihood with the greatest toil, and crowns his achievements by marrying a widow with ten thousand pounds. Jasper Milvain's candid selfishness, which is by no means displeasing in every respect, or unaccompanied by good-nature, will probably strike many readers as overdrawn. The whole story, with its consistent note of pessimism from first to last, its total indifference to romance, its universal envelope of poverty, its intensely painful analysis of failure, will be repugnant to all who hold that the true aim of the artist is to represent the beautiful and to idealise the facts of common life. Mr. Gissing sees nothing but a fight for existence, and the defeat

of nearly all the combatants. The picture is doubtless true within its limits. Life is extremely hard for a great number of the workers in the ever-growing army of writers. The blood and tears which built the Pyramids have left as little trace of anguish as the shelves of the British Museum Library. But Mr. Gissing's Grub Street is likely to create as grave a misconception in the minds of his readers as that with which Thackeray charged Pope. A literary man's existence is not the unrelieved despair which is painted in this novel. Youthful poets do not tread on roses, like Bulwer Lytton's Leonard Fairfield, and sucking barristers who turn to journalism are not all as fortunate as Arthur Pendennis. But a journalist of Jasper Milvain's capacity does not usually take a year to earn twenty or thirty pounds, and the average lives even of regular book-makers do not exhibit such concentrated seaminess as Alfred Yule's. There is a little sunshine even in Grub Street, and, if anyone feels any interest in its denizens after reading Mr. Gissing, he may be assured that they do not all live on tea and dripping, and disbelieve in immortality.

But, gloomy as this book is, the very grimness of its hostility to common illusions is a refreshment to the jaded reader of the average novel. There is power in every line. The growth of Amy Reardon from romantic belief in struggling genius to the mature worldliness of a comfortable drawing-room is a notable feat in the development of character. But will Mr. Mindie's subscribers relish the process? If so, English novelists may venture to draw from life. L. F. A.



THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

The first impression produced by this year's exhibition at Burlington House is the increasing dexterity displayed by our modern landscape-painters, especially in the use of their materials. There is here a very large proportion of works which are distinctly above the average, but the point of view of the majority of painters is very much that already occupied by photographers: in other words, their aim seems to be to represent nature as it actually is, rather than to transcribe their own impressions or to give play to their imagination in dealing with the more subtle problems of sunlight and shadow or of form and composition. It is, moreover, far easier to produce an attractive landscape than to compose a figure-picture. In the latter the most trifling error of feature or grouping will effectually mar the success of a work on which the artist has bestowed far more thought and pains than is required for arranging an effective landscape. It must, too, be added that the present exhibition suggests that figure-painters have taken but little pains in the choice of subjects, or are painfully deficient in that important quality imagination. The figure-subjects, with few exceptions—especially those of the younger men—are, to say the least, trivial; and, when something more serious is aimed at, the result is too often bald and prosaic. If, for example, we take Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "Salvation Army," one of the most striking works in the exhibition, one is insensibly led to the reflection that, although it may be absolutely true, it is only artistic in a subordinate degree. The crowd of earnest worshippers, with their quaint Puritan dresses, would, under any circumstances, furnish an attractive subject; but Mr. Forbes, instead of using his various figures to compose an artistically arranged picture, prefers to give us a sort of photographic impression of the silent, hard-faced group which has assembled under unfavourable circumstances for the painter's art. Another feature of the present exhibition, which we cannot but note in this preliminary

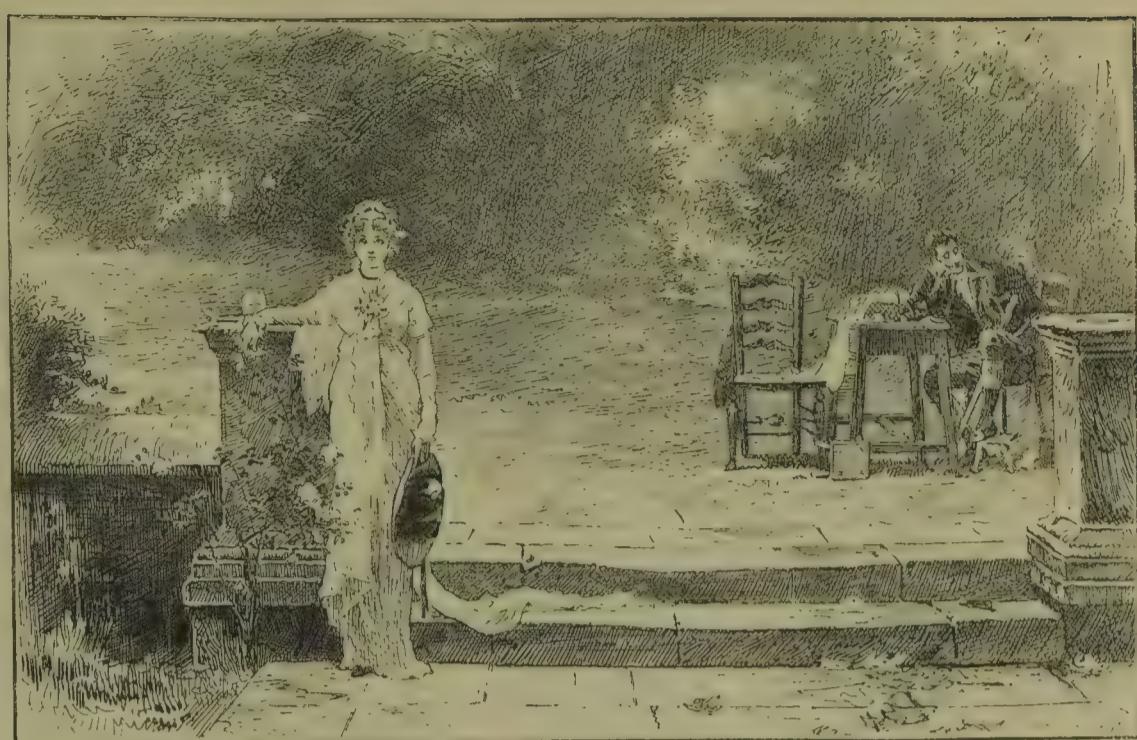


"AMATA AMANDA."—F. GOODALL, R.A.

notice, is the very unsatisfactory way in which the hanging committee has performed its always thankless task. This year, however, the eye is more than usually shocked by the way in which even the works of fellow-Academicians are allowed to jostle each other to their material detriment, while the careful system, inaugurated two or three years ago, of using the landscapes to set off the figure-pieces has, this year, apparently been abandoned, and the pictures have been arranged on the walls with regard only to their shape and size.

Passing from general consideration to the particular pictures, we must, in the first place, heartily congratulate Mr. Luke Fildes on his most successful though somewhat painful picture "The Doctor," of which the sentiment and execution are alike unexceptional. It represents one of those struggles between science and death of which many a country doctor has been the hero—by turns the conqueror and the conquered. The scene is in a little cottage where, through the weary hours of the night, the doctor has been sitting watching the wasted, fever-stricken child, until the grey dawn is creeping through the little window. On the child and the anxious mother falls the light of the lamp, which stands on the table, beside which the doctor is seated, and in the dusk is the eager face of the father, who watches, mute and motionless, the sad scene, in which he feels he has no part to play. This is not the first time that Mr. Fildes has dealt with humble life and infused into it an amount of pathos, of which Frank Holl, in his earlier works, gave so many striking instances. Almost as striking in sentiment, although less skilful in treatment, is Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Christ and Mary Magdalene," in which the sentiments of pity and repentance are treated with wonderful power. As in his picture of last year, Mr. Hacker makes no attempt to depict any special type. He deals with the scene as one which concerns every nature and every period, and the Saviour and the repentant sinner are here represented as of our own days.

The President has two important works, of which the less



"A PASSING CLOUD."—MARCUS STONE, R.A.

successful is the "Perseus"—represented as a sun god—and Andromeda cowering beneath a rock, over which the sea-monster is crawling. His other picture, of "Demeter and Persephone," on the other hand, is not only exquisite in its fanciful colouring, but full of the highest imaginative qualities. The colours of Demeter's drapery, suggestive of the golden grain in its summer glory, are contrasted with the delicate tints of the young corn just shooting into life with which Persephone, led up by Mercury from the under-world, is clothed. Mr. Leader, one of whose quiet landscapes is here given, is to be seen perhaps to even greater advantage in his bustling scene of "The Manchester Ship Canal." Mr. Sargent has the single figure of "A Spanish Dancer" just starting off on her dance, painted with a vigour and intensity which show a deep and profitable study of Velasquez, and we doubt if the whole exhibition contains a finer specimen of brushwork. Mr. Alma Tadema is in wonderful force also with the picture of "A Roman Mother and her Child at Play," of which the colours are more delicate than usual, but, at the same time, more brilliant and more perfectly harmonised. Mr. Solomon's "Judgment of Paris"—three ladies in an orchard with a background of apple-blossoms—will challenge considerable criticism, but the balance will be in favour of the artist's taste and skill. Mr. H. Herkomer's portrait of Sir Sydney Waterlow is in many respects, especially in the treatment of the face and hands, his most successful work in this line, but the body is preposterously flat and wanting in solidity. On the other hand, his "Dockers' Strike"—a subject which, like the Salvation Army, has attracted several artists—is full of animation and strong passion. Mr. Briton Rivière's "Lion Hunter"—a story in three parts—Mr. Faed's portraits, Mr. Waterhouse's "Ulysses and the Harpies," Mr. Orchardson's portrait of Mr. Walter Gilbey and his subject-picture "The Enigma," M. Chevalier's "Boulogne Fish Market," and Mr. Hook's "Wildfowl Shooter," will be among the pictures which will attract especial notice.

Mr. Marcus Stone has two idyls of English life—"Love at First Sight" and "The Passing Cloud"—painted with his usual delicate sense of colour and pictorial effect. He dwells, we think, for his future reputation, too much upon the same theme—albeit that theme is never old—and he is too completely the artist of the studio to realise the dangers which he runs from competitors who work more in the open air, and are thus more fitted to depict the play of light which falls not from a single window but from all sides. Mr. Geo. Boughton has realised this danger in time, and has found, in the rigours of the past winter, a way of reconciling some of us to its miseries which, we may hope, has not been without some such episodes as that which he has here depicted. Mr. F. Goodall's "Amata Amanda" is another

instance of this veteran artist's versatility and vigour. The drawing of the figure of the happy maiden shows a masterly knowledge of the painter's art, and the colouring is more subdued and better harmonised than has been the case in some of his former works.



"LOVE IN WINTER."—G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.

We have on this occasion only touched upon some of the more important features of the exhibition, but enough has been said to show that, taken as a whole, it must be pronounced to be fully up to, if not actually above, the average of recent years.

LIONEL G. ROBINSON.



"STILL EVENING: THE OLD CHURCHYARD AT BETTWS-Y-COED."—B. W. LEADER, A.R.A.

Mr. Tom Mann. Mr. G. Livesey.
Mr. W. Tompkins. Professor Marshall. Mr. Abraham. Mr. Trow. Mr. Mandley.
Sir F. Pollock. Mr. Austin. Mr. G. Drago.
Mr. D. Dale. Sir W. Lewis. Mr. S. Plimsool.
Mr. J. C. Bolton. Sir E. Harland. Mr. T. Burt.
Mr. H. H. Fowler. Mr. T. H. Ivey.



Mr. Jose Collings.

Mr. Gerald Balfour.

Mr. Mundella.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.

Earl of Derby.

Lord Hartington.

Mr. I. H. Courtney.

Sir J. Gorst.

THE LABOUR COMMISSION.

THE LATE FIELD-MARSHAL COUNT VON MOLTKE.



MOLTKE'S MOTHER.

On the night of Friday, April 24, Field-Marshal Count von Moltke died, at the age of 91, at his official residence on the Königsplatz, Berlin. The death was entirely unexpected, as only the previous month he had accompanied the Emperor on a tour of inspection of some of the Baltic ports. Even on the day of his death he had spent a few hours at a sitting of the Upper Chamber of the Prussian Diet. From that sitting he walked home alone, and then dined with his nephew, Major von Moltke, and several other guests. At his nightly rubber of whist he was put into extra good spirits by winning the tricks of the rubber, thirteen of them, each and all himself. After this he returned to his bedroom, where he died, an hour or two later, from sudden stoppage of the heart's action. The Emperor, who was staying at the Wartburg—Luther's Wartburg—returned to Berlin by special train the following day.

Visitors to the flat, sandy, but pleasantly pine-clad country of Mecklenburg-Schwerin rarely fail to turn aside at Parchim to see the house in which Count von Moltke was born. Yet when one finds the house, in the middle of the long, dreary high street, it is a bit disappointing in its shabbiness and lack of paint. Inscribed on the front is the statement that it is "the birthplace of General Field-Marshal von Moltke." The great strategist was born there on Oct. 26, 1800. A year afterwards his parents left Parchim for Generitz, and a couple of years later settled in Lübeck. Somewhat later the boys Fritz and Helmuth were put under the charge of a Pastor Knickbein at Hohenfelde. But in 1811 the father entered the Danish Army, and placed his sons in the cadet school at Copenhagen. The change was a sad one. "Without relatives,



MOLTKE AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN.

without acquaintances," Helmuth said afterwards, "this was a joyless end to our childhood. The discipline was strict and hard." There were six years of it, and the German lads were handicapped by having to learn Danish. The outlook at the end, moreover, was none of the brightest. Hence a petition in 1821 to the Danish sovereign to be permitted to join the Prussian army, where promotion was more rapid and the prospects more promising. He had his way; but the most interesting side of



MOLTKE'S FATHER.

made known to the whole world that Moltke had a genius for military strategy unlike anything that Europe has known since the days of Napoleon and Wellington. When, after that battle, a Prussian army of nearly 200,000 men marched on Vienna, Moltke wrote, "It is beautiful when God gives to man such an evening to his life as He has vouchsafed to the king and many of his generals. I am now sixty-six years old; and for my work I have received much reward. We have made a campaign which for Prussia, for Germany, and the world is of inestimable importance." But two years later a great private grief came to him in the loss of his wife, who died on the Christmas Eve of 1868, leaving him childless and sorrowing. A great part of his time during the later years of his life was spent at his country residence of Kreisau, in Silesia, where his wife lies buried.

Moltke's share in the war which culminated at Sedan has been oft described—his boundless resource, his fertility of plan, his marvellous judgment. It is not too much to say that for a whole generation of Englishmen the name of the great German strategist has been as much a household word as that of one of their own countrymen, and his death removes an imposing figure in modern European history.

The funeral of the Field-Marshal, which took place on April 28, was an impressive ceremony. The same car which conveyed the remains of the Emperor William and the Emperor Frederick to their last resting-place was used on the occasion. The procession started from the Palace of the General Staff, Von Moltke's residence, but beforehand the Emperor and Empress, the King of Saxony, and the leading members of the Imperial family attended a brief service around the bier.



HOUSE WHERE MOLTKE WAS BORN.

his life for the next few years was associated with the East, where he spent some time as military adviser to the Turkish army.

It was not, however, till 1866 that the victory of Königgrätz



MOLTKE AT THE AGE OF FIFTY.



MOLTKE'S WIFE.

WESTERN CHINA AND TIBET.

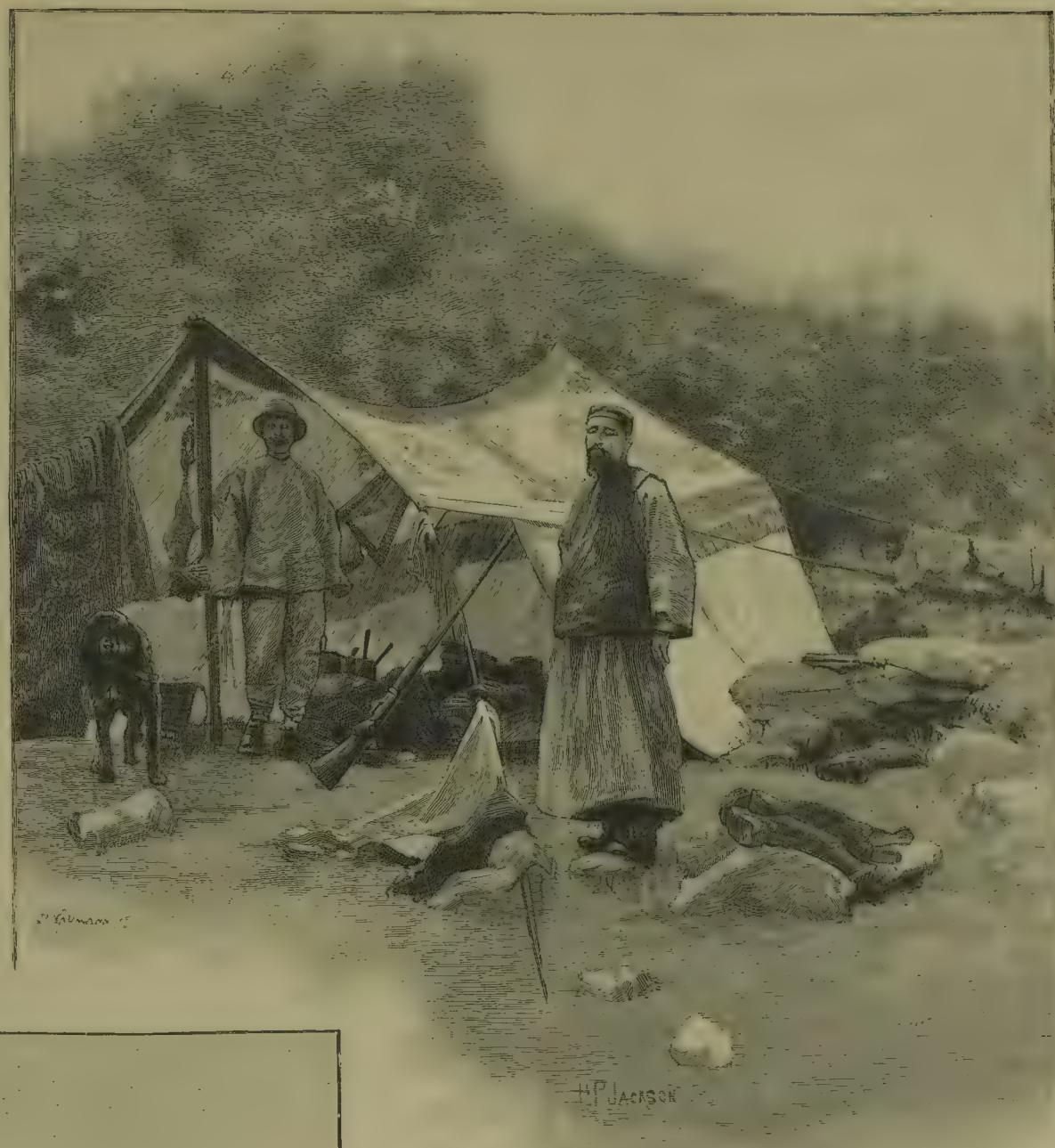
(Continued.)

The travelled naturalist—in entomology a specialist—Mr. A. E. Pratt, who recently communicated to the Royal Geographical Society his report of two expeditions to Ta-tsien-lu, a Chinese frontier town and market for the important trade with Tibet, has described his long river voyage up the mighty Yang-tze-kiang, which is navigated by English steamers from Shanghai to Hankow, and above that city to the I-chang Gorge and rapids. The province of Sze-chuen, one of the most productive in China, with an area and population equal to France, extending north and west of the main river, to the Tibetan mountain ranges, is traversed by the Min-kiang, up which Mr. Pratt continued his voyage, in his own boat, from Soo-chow-foo to Kia-ting-foo, thence pursuing his journey overland. One of the sketches now presented is that of his boat struggling with the rapids, up which it was laboriously towed by the Chinese crew and coolie helpers. The channel, near the banks of the river, is much obstructed by rocks, which are dangerous for large junks in towing; but, with the aid of steam-tugs, the mid channel would be tolerably safe.

A further portion of Mr. Pratt's narrative will here be given, relating his excursion from Ta-tsien-lu to the snowy mountains, and specifying the plants and the birds which he found at an extraordinary altitude on the frontier of Tibet—

"I had pitched my tent in a forest of rhododendrons just coming into bloom, about two hours below the region of perpetual snow. By way of summary of the vegetation I may divide the country here briefly into four regions or zones: 1. Above 16,000 ft. we have perpetual snow. 2. Between 16,000 ft. and 10,000 ft. rhododendrons, anemones, primulas, a few asters, grass, and wild onions; of birds, *Crossoptilon Tibetanum*, *Lophophorus Lhuyssii*, and Père Davids. 3. From 10,000 ft. to 5000 ft. rhododendrons, coniferous trees, gooseberries, several species of currant (including one very large black currant with branches of fruit a foot in length), undergrowth, and several species of birds. 4. Below 5000 ft. there is cultivation on a few farms, and pastureage.

"In the daytime, during our stay on the mountain, it was warm; but the nights were intensely cold, and we kept up a large fire made of the trunks of the rhododendron-trees, some of which were quite a foot in diameter. Climbing some 3000 ft. above the place where my tent was pitched, we discovered

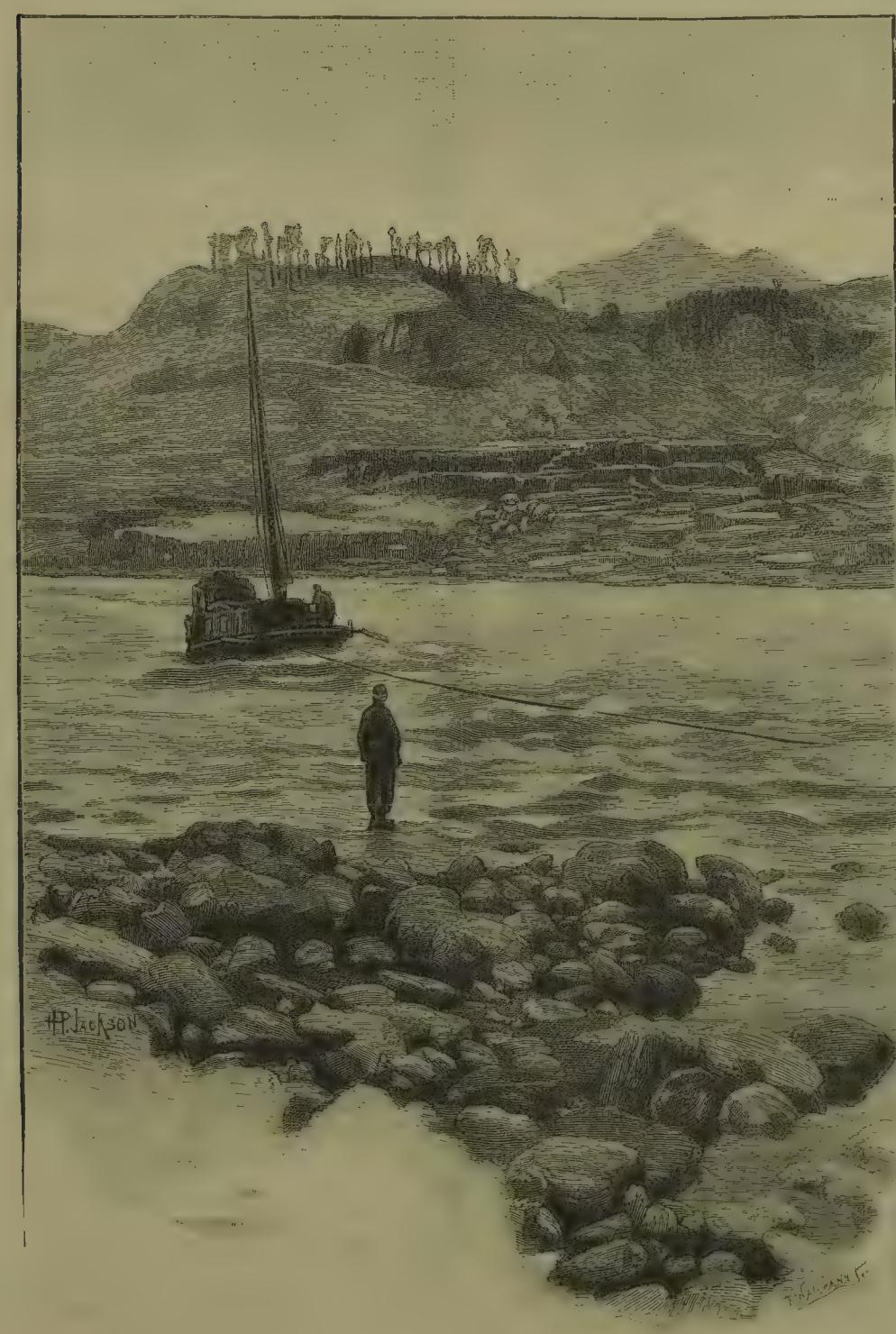


SHOOTING PARTY ON THE SNOWY MOUNTAIN RANGES, TIBET FRONTIER.

a lovely lake of clear deep-blue water, with a quantity of sulphur lying on its shores. It took us an hour and a half to walk all round. It is walled in by high precipices, and above them is a glacier of solid green ice crowned with snow. It is, no doubt, one of the supply sources of the river which flows through Ta-tsien-lu, and empties its waters into the Tung-ho at Wa-ssu-kow.

"While I was here there was a rebellion of the peasants in a district a few days distant from Ta-tsien-lu. Their crops are taxed so heavily by the Lamas that they cannot scrape together enough to live on, and are periodically driven to these desperate attempts to improve their condition. When I went back to Ta-tsien-lu, after two days' camping out, the first things I saw were the heads of the three ringleaders exposed in bamboo cages. I left the town again on the 7th May, and encamped on the south side of the mountain. After conveying all my baggage to an altitude of 14,800 feet, I was not very well pleased to receive a message from the local Tibetan king forbidding me to remain on the mountain, as it is a sacred reservation. I was obliged to return to Ta-tsien-lu, intending to make my way thence to Mou-shi-mien, which is beyond the king's territory. But on the road I met his Majesty, returning from a bath in one of the hot natural springs which abound in this locality. He is an old man, in bad health, suffering from cancer. He was dressed in the usual costume of Tibetans of the better class, and was walking under a huge scarlet umbrella, held by one of his numerous attendants, with a pack of hounds at his heels. He conversed with me a little, by the aid of an interpreter. Two miles farther on I reached a small Tibetan group of hamlets, where I slept in a house owned by his Majesty: it was, in fact, his dairy farm, and the milk and butter I got were delicious. Like all Tibetan houses, it was built of stones, but roofed with split pine shingle, large stones being placed on each piece of shingle to keep it in its place when the wind is high. There are three hot springs issuing from the tops of three yellowish brown conical rocks. These rocks seemed to have been formed by the continued incrustations of the minerals contained in the water; they have the appearance of a soft pumice stone. The water is very hot, and has a very obnoxious smell, like that of decomposed seaweed. There is a black slime on the edges of the stream, which flows through the valley, and green aquatic plants grow in the warm water. The king has a wooden bath surrounded by stones, which is filled from one of the springs (issuing from the top of one of the conical rocks) by a bamboo tube.

"On May 17 I reached the summit of Mou-shi-mien Pass, 13,000 ft. high. When I returned to my camp, the weather became intensely cold, snow fell heavily, and the rhododendron blooms were cut off by the frost. It was the beginning of June, but the temperature was like that of a Canadian winter. It was impossible to do any collecting. I had meant to spend a great part of the summer on the mountain, but the superstition of the natives prematurely ended my stay. The unusual severity of the weather was attributed to the fact that a stranger was living in the forest, and a paper signed by all the inhabitants of the village, lying two days below me, was sent by the native chief of Mou-shi-mien to the civil mandarin of Ta-tsien-lu, declaring that I had caused the snow and blocked the road, and the hail was destroying their crops; and threatening all sorts of disturbances if I remained. Under these circumstances there was nothing for it but to go."



BOAT IN THE RAPIDS, WESTERN CHINA, 2000 MILES FROM SHANGHAI.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The disappearance of the eyes in animals which live in caves has always been cited as an illustration of the effects of that law of disuse which induces the disappearance of parts and organs in living beings which are no longer of service to their possessors. On such a theory we can understand why so many parts, even within the compass of our own anatomy, should present themselves to view in a rudimentary condition. We have muscles in our ears and nose which are of no use to us, and there is a little appendix to our intestines which will intercept plumstones and other indigestible parts of our food, and cause us pain or even death—an appendix that, happily, surgeons can now remove, and thus save life under circumstances of grave concern. On any other theory than that I have indicated—a theory, by the way, of which I have never yet heard any intelligent person disapprove—the living worlds would appear to view as a mere collection of erratic unfinished odds and ends. Accepting this view of things, we see reasons why living things thus retain rudiments and imperfections—rudiments which, it may be hoped, we shall get rid of in the to-morrows of the more perfect life. This, at least, is the scientific "faith that is in us."

These remarks have been suggested by the perusal of a piece of research of an interesting kind, undertaken by Mr. G. H. Parker and Professor Mark, of the Harvard University. They have investigated the condition of the eyes in certain blind crayfishes which live in caves in South-West Missouri. Mr. Parker correctly reminds us that the entire question concerning the eyes of blind crayfishes turns on the amount of degeneration or backsliding these organs have undergone. In the Missouri species the shape of the eye-stalks has become altered, and the structure of the retina (or nervous network) has in its turn been materially affected. Two species of blind crayfishes were examined by Mr. Parker, with the result of his discovering that the stalks are proportionately smaller than in the crayfishes which live in the light, while the very shape of the stalks has also been altered. In the blind forms the stalks ended in blunt cones, and, while the nerves of sight were present, they terminated in an undetermined fashion in the region where the retina is normally found. This reminds us of the more curious case of the pineal eye in fishes and lizards. The pineal gland of the brain is really an eye-stalk, which once upon a time belonged to a median eye, such, indeed, as is found to-day in certain lizards, where it seems to be in process of vanishing away. Thus curious are the ways and works of Nature in her attempts to better the children of life.

A great deal has been heard of late, of course, of the work of germs in producing disease; but an interesting fact has been of late revived regarding an animalcule belonging to the Infusorian class, which takes up its abode in the digestive system of the pig, and which has been also found occasionally in the intestine of man. Infusorian animalcules, it may be observed, form the great bulk of the microscopic population of the pools. The Infusorian which has thus made up its home in the intestine is called the *Balantidium coli*. It was first discovered by Professor Malmster, of Stockholm, in 1857, and was found in quantity in the body of a patient who had succumbed to a form of cholera. Stein afterwards discovered the Infusorian in the pig's intestine. Whether the animalcule is the cause, or only an accompaniment, of the ailment is, of course, at present undetermined; although in Russia, as well as in Sweden, it is credited with being the exciting cause of the digestive troubles, which disappeared almost entirely under treatment directed to the disinfection of the intestine—a measure tantamount to the killing of the Infusorians.

In Great Britain no examples of this Infusorian parasite have been met with as yet. I find, on referring to Mr. Savile Kent's "Manual of the Infusoria," that three species of *Balantidium* are parasites within the digestive system of frogs and newts; one species having been described as far back as 1722, by Leeuwenhoek. This species cannot live out of the frog's intestine, even when placed in water for more than a day or two. Its parasitic habits have therefore become of very pronounced kind. Yet another *Balantidium (medusarum)* is found in the jellyfishes as a parasite, and also in the bodies of marine worms. Parasitism is a condition in which the "guests"—lodgers and boarders, in fact—pay no rent to their "hosts," but often repay hospitality with ingratitude by afflicting them with disease. It is, of course, an acquired habit, and it is curious to reflect on the chances through which a free-living animal becomes, in time, the dependent parasite. Is it a case of the attraction of the easy life, rendering food-getting unnecessary? If so, the practice works out its own revenge; for parasites tend to become rudimentary animals. Legs, eyes, and even mouths and stomachs disappear, and the great virtue of independence as a stimulant of healthy advance is, perhaps, best seen when we contrast it with the parasitic decline.

One often hears in these latter days of some eccentricity or other in the earth's axis, which is believed to be at the root of a good many of the troubles which affect us in the shape of irregular seasons and erratic meteorology. An agreement on this head appears to have been arrived at by the Conference on Degree Measurement, which has declared that a decrease in latitude was to be observed in progress in Middle Europe. Of other parts of the Continent this remark was also said to hold good, simultaneous observations having been made at Berlin, Prague, and elsewhere. The cause of this decrease is an alteration in the direction of the earth's axis. We must not be "spinning around," as the American said, quite as before. The poles of the Equator, if the deductions be correct, cannot be regarded as absolutely stable and fixed data, latitude and longitude naturally following suit in the alteration. Between August 1889 and February 1890 it is said the amount of latitude-decrease was to be set down as half a second. For the half-year ending August last there was noted an increase of latitude amounting equal to two fifths of a second. These variations, we may take for granted, imply changes and alterations in the earth's internal mass. We oscillate, in other words, between increase and decrease. Lately the question was gravely asked, what must be the effect on the earth's movements and general constitution of our efforts at emptying it of so much coal, iron, and other minerals? Our planet is too big to be affected by mining operations; but, all the same, it is curious to note that changes in its axis are realities of astronomical science.

Contrary to expectation, it seems the recuperative powers of very old men and women are often of singularly vital and active kind. Dr. N. F. Graham, an American medical man, gives a series of cases in which he shows that old persons will recover from surgical operations with wonderful speed and power. They bear pain better than the young, Dr. Graham says, although they do not rally so quickly after shock. From accidental wounds or injuries they do not recover so rapidly. These facts seem to be a scientific commentary on the words of the song, "There's life in the old dog yet!"

THE CALENDAR OF MAY.

A matter-of-fact age has preserved few of the lighter and brighter associations of May Day. Time was when the first day of summer used to be observed as a general holiday, with flowers and feasting, with raids upon the hawthorn-bushes and dances round the maypole, with revels of milkmaids and chimney-sweepers, as well as of "golden lads and lasses." Spenser writes of May—

Lord! how all creatures laught, when her they spied,
And leapt and daunced, as they had ravish bee'en!

We laugh too little in these days, and are grown much too fastidious for the innocent delight which inspired the verse of almost every Elizabethan and seventeenth-century poet. Shall we ever regain the mercurial temper which made our forefathers welcome "propitious May" with such cheerful abandonment? There are some who think that the district councils of the future, which both political parties are agreed to establish, will lead us back to an epoch of rural prosperity and popular festivity, when we shall be in the mood to take our pleasures less sadly, and England will be "merry England" once again. Certainly, in countries where the popular management of local affairs is most systematic, we seem to find the strongest disposition to cling to old observances and festal traditions. In the simpler Swiss communes, for instance, an election is usually the occasion of a general holiday, and the functions of local government are closely associated with popular merry-makings. A curious example, to take one among many, is afforded by the commune of Sils, in the Grisons. Here, on the first of May—or, if May Day should fall on a Sunday, then on the second day of the month—the whole population puts on its holiday attire, and turns out into the open air. This is the feast of "Chalanda Mai"—the calends or beginning of May. The communal accounts are regularly presented on this date for popular criticism and confirmation, in a folk-mote of the truly primitive order. Starting with a service in the parish church at ten o'clock in the morning, followed by a sermon which invariably appeals to motives of local and national patriotism, the people adjourn to the public Platz. The Vorstand, or parochial council, take their places in the centre of the square, and the present voting population gathers round them in a circle, and the president reads aloud the accounts of the year's expenditure and revenue, so that every parishioner may learn the exact state of the parochial finances. After the reading, any voter is entitled to discuss the items. Every alternate year, when this part of the proceedings has come to an end, the syndics, or members of the committee of accounts, propose the taxes of the next biennial term, and the budget of Sils is adjusted by direct popular vote. In the same alternate years the old Vorstand resigns in a body, and its successors are forthwith elected by universal suffrage, and sworn in on the spot, in the sight and hearing of all men. Obstructives do not appear to find favour in the commune, for, as a rule, the whole business is over by noon. The fact is that the good people are ready for their midday meal, and for the sports and dances which occupy the remainder of the day; and, if they were not themselves in a hurry to do justice to these later proceedings, their wives and daughters are close at hand to jog their memories. The new council, the clergyman of the parish, and the indispensable beadle are feasted at the common expense, and all other burgesses with their families are allowed to share the meal at their own cost. The existing written laws of the commune of Sils are precisely three centuries old, and they enjoin the perpetual observance of the Chalanda Mai as above described. How much more ancient than that the custom may be it is impossible to say, but evidently there is nothing like a local representative council for perpetuating such a tradition. Probably the English climate did as much as anything else to kill the early English folk-mote, but let us hope that the parish council of the future will have some effect in restoring the festive local customs of merry England.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The impulsive and eloquent Canon Basil Wilberforce, of Southampton, has publicly announced his belief in Universal Restoration as the "great truth of modern times." This will probably cost the Canon a place on the platform of Exeter Hall, where he has been a great favourite, and also the friendship of Mr. Spurgeon, who has more than once been his guest at Southampton.

The Nestor of biblical critics has passed away in the person of Dr. Reuss of Strasburg, at the advanced age of eighty-seven. His influence was even more powerful than appeared, for it is believed by those who should know that he was the real author of that theory of the Pentateuch which, under Kuenen in Holland, Wellhausen in Germany, and Robertson Smith in this country, has made such great conquests.

I regret to say there is no probability of Professor Robertson Smith taking a biblical dictionary in hand, now that the issue of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" is completed. Messrs. A. and C. Black, the well-known publishers, who have now removed to London, would gladly undertake such an enterprise, but the Professor's health, unfortunately, is only just sufficient for the other important work he has in hand.

The Rev. F. E. Wigram, son of the honorary secretary of the Church Missionary Society, is going out on missionary work at his own expense. Mr. Wigram knows what he is about, for he accompanied his father on a missionary journey through the world, and wrote a particularly sympathetic account of the tour.

Professor Cheyne, the great Oxford Hebraist, has passed for press his famous Bampton lectures on the Psalms; and Professor Driver, of Oxford, has all but completed his Old Testament Introduction. Professor Cheyne contemplates setting to work on his long- meditated Commentary on Genesis. In Oxford the approaching marriage of Professor Driver to Professor Cheyne's niece (by marriage) is viewed with the greatest pleasure. Since Mrs. Pusey's sad death the well-known house at Christ Church has been without a mistress.

Mr. Gore's Bampton lectures at Oxford are followed with unabated interest. But some protest against his "objectionable and unnecessary habit of using French words." It is alleged that on a recent Sunday he gave a painfully striking instance of this by inserting "de haut en bas" in his concluding sentence, "a phrase which had the most extraordinary effect in its contrast to the splendid English of the passage of St. Paul with which the passage ended."

The staunch churchmanship of the late Mr. T. C. Baring is being recalled at Oxford. He secured the passing of an Act of Parliament for dissolving Magdalen Hall and incorporating Hertford College in its stead by offering £30,000 for the endowment of five fellowships. Thereafter he founded two more fellowships and thirty scholarships in the college, all limited to members of the Church of England. This was challenged, and application was made to the Court of Queen's Bench for a mandamus to compel the college to admit a certain

Nonconformist as a candidate to a vacant fellowship. Mr. Baring undertook the whole cost of defending the college, and carried his point after a very expensive and protracted suit.

A paragraph has gone the rounds stating that a devout old lady in the little Forfarshire town of Kirriemuir, shocked at seeing a member of the choir in the little dissenting chapel where she worshipped soundly asleep, aimed at him with a book. She missed, but hit an attentive and blameless man of music, whereupon she calmly explained to the congregation her true design—to "waken the sleepin' sinner." Kirriemuir is Mr. Barrie's Thrums—a very fit scene for such an event. Mr. Barrie would be the first to say he is fortunate in his birthplace, which is also his home.

A very quaint, and to the last influential, old figure in Wesleyan Methodism has passed away in the person of the late Rev. Dr. Osborn. Dr. Osborn was accustomed to express the opinion that the advance of democracy was "permitted by God in His wrath" as a terrible punishment for our sins! When he had a young family he kept a large birch-rod behind the looking-glass. It was not always there. This will gratify Bishop Jayne.

QUEEN VICTORIA AT GRASSE.

After five centuries of national history, from the period when Provence was a focus of unscrupulous political and ecclesiastical intrigues between grasping Princes and corrupt Pontiffs, cementing their occasional alliances by the foulest crimes, it is pleasant to see the friendly government of the French Republic, as well as the hospitable municipality and kindly townsfolk of Grasse, doing all they can to honour our beloved English Queen, the best sovereign, man or woman, that ever reigned over our nation. Our Artist, who is a Frenchman, has sketched one of the military sentries appointed to mount guard in front of her Majesty's temporary abode. One day after her arrival, the Queen, in taking her usual drive, stopped to witness some manoeuvres by the 23rd Battalion of Chasseurs, which is



ONE OF THE QUEEN'S SENTRIES AT GRASSE.

stationed at Grasse and has formed the guard of honour during her Majesty's stay. The battalion, numbering about a thousand men, had been manoeuvring among the mountains above Grasse since the early morning. In the afternoon, they were drawn up in line on an elevated plateau, half an hour's drive from the hotel. When the Queen arrived in her landau, accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the band of the battalion played "God Save the Queen" and the men saluted. Sir Henry Ponsonby—who, with Lady Churchill, Major Bigge, and Colonel Clerk, had preceded the royal carriage—received the Queen and walked by the side of the landau as it was drawn along the line for the inspection of the men by her Majesty. The officers of the battalion were then presented to the Queen. Her Majesty complimented the commandant upon the appearance of the men, who marched past in admirable form, and returned to their barracks. Again, on Friday, April 24, the Queen and other members of the royal family drove to Nouans Sartoux, where they saw the same regiment of Chasseurs à Pied march past, and perform field manoeuvres on the neighbouring ground. Her Majesty left Grasse on Tuesday, April 28, returning home to England in good health, after her agreeable residence of one month in the sunny clime of Southern France.

BITS OF OLD GRASSE.

The antiquities of this old Provençal French town, which has acquired delicious associations with the culture of sweet-smelling flowers and the manufacture of perfumes, and where our Queen and Princesses have made a pleasant sojourn, were described in preceding notices to accompany our Views of Grasse and of the neighbouring picturesque scenes. There is not much left to be said of the "bits" of curious domestic architecture which have employed our Artist's pencil; and similar examples of building, in streets as narrow and as steep, may be seen in many towns of Southern France and of Northern Italy, contrasting oddly with the edifices designed agreeably to modern notions of elegance and convenience. Grasse is adorned with several beautiful public fountains of the purest water from the noble hills that rise behind the town; one of these our Artist has sketched. The terraces and gardens are delightful; there are collections of good pictures; there are charming walks and drives; there are heaps of flowers, fruits, and confectionery; but the visible monuments or relics of ancient times are not imposing. The cathedral, founded in the twelfth century, is now a mere parish church, not stately or venerable in aspect; a fine square tower, of equal date, rises close to the Hôtel de Ville; and at the entrance to the town is a small circular building, of uncertain origin but of remote age, which was some time the Chapel of Saint Sauveur. In the Place des Aires may be discovered the

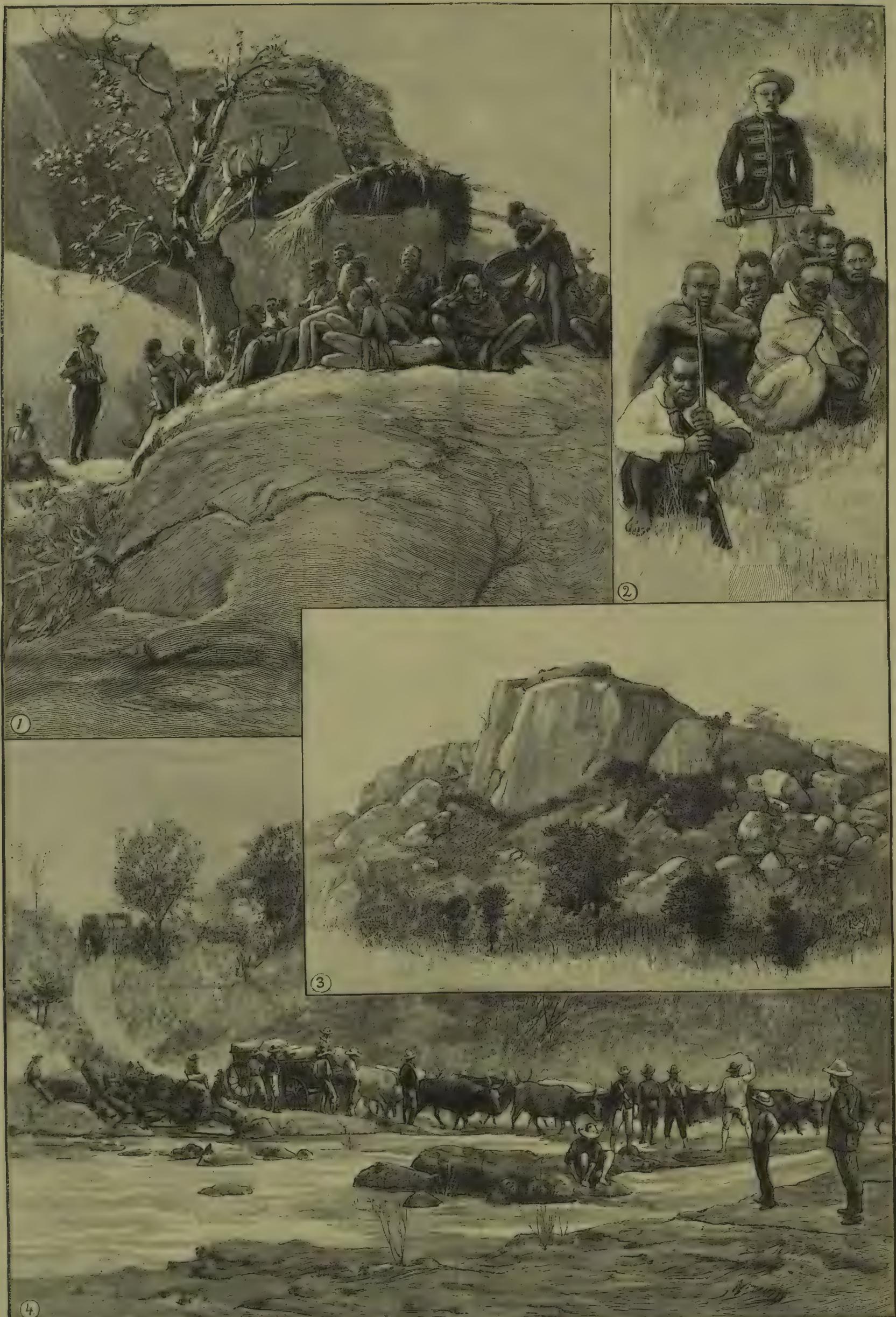


SKETCHES AT GRASSE, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

foundations and a few stone steps of a great fortified palace, which was in the fourteenth century the residence of a celebrated royal lady, Joan I., Countess of Provence and Queen of Naples, unquestionably a wicked woman. Her first husband, Andrew of Hungary, was strangled in 1346, with her connivance, and she married next year Prince Louis of Tarento, her cousin, who had been an accomplice in the murder. The King of Hungary then marched an army into Italy, to avenge the death of his brother. Joan and Louis fled from Naples to her own principality of Provence, which was then, as we have remarked, quite independent of France. The Roman Catholic Church was then split in two by civil war between Pope Urban VI., whose election had been annulled by the Cardinals, and Clement VI., at Avignon, during the great schism and reign of Antipopes for seventy years. Queen

Joan, in 1348, sold the city on the Rhone and its territory, for a large sum of money, to the Pope, already resident there, and its full sovereignty was ceded by the empire of which it was a fief; but one condition was that Pope Clement should decree Joan's innocence of the murder of her first husband. When, in 1362, her second husband died, Joan, who had regained the kingdom of Naples by the next Pope's help, espoused James of Arragon, styled King of Majorca, and she afterwards took a fourth husband. But, having no children, in later life she adopted her nephew, Charles of Durazzo, for her destined heir. Under French and Papal influences, in 1380, she was persuaded to set him aside and to bequeath her dominions to the Duke of Anjou. This act provoked Charles to ally himself with her enemies; he obtained troops from Hungary to attack the Queen in

Naples; she was dethroned, imprisoned, and put to death by smothering with a mattress. Such is the tragical story of a guilty life associated with a few old stones in the town of Grasse. This woman, Countess and Queen Joan, was as beautiful and accomplished, personally as attractive and engaging, as Mary Queen of Scots. Joan had much taste, even some talent, for literary scholarship, was the pupil of Boccaccio, the friend of Petrarch, and the patroness of Giotto; her Court was gay and splendid; she received the compliments of kings and the Golden Rose from the Pope. Nevertheless, her memory does not smell sweet of the fragrance of virtue: it is not one of the perfumes of Grasse. There was a second Queen Joan of Naples, daughter of Charles of Durazzo, still more infamous than the first. How nice it would have been for us to have lived in the Middle Ages!



1. Banyal Fugitives on the Rocks escaping from the Matabele.
2. Natives of North Bechuanaland.

3. Ruins of Ancient Buildings on Rocks in Mashonaland.
4. Crossing a South African River.

THE EXPEDITION TO MASHONALAND: SKETCHES ON THE MARCH, BY AN OFFICER OF THE PIONEER CORPS.



A NAGA HOUSE IN MANIPUR.



MANIPURI POLO-PLAYERS AND PONIES.

"THE NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE."

BY EDMUND GOSSE.

The Independent Theatre, I perceive, announces that it will give, on its second night, a performance of "The Newly Married Couple." It has struck me that it may be interesting to those who intend to be present to know a little of the history and of the plot of that piece. "De Ny-Gifte" is the work of the Norwegian poet Björnsterne Björnson, whose prose stories, from "Arne" to "In God's Way," have found so much favour with English readers. It was brought out in 1865, soon after Björnson became director of the Christiania Theatre. It was his first attempt at modern comedy, the poet having hitherto won his theatrical laurels with romantic historical dramas. It was first played at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen on Nov. 23, 1865, and in Björnson's own Norwegian theatre a month later. It became universally popular, and it has been played in Sweden, in Finland, in many cities of Germany, in Poland, Hungary, and Russia. At Copenhagen it passed at once into the repertory of the Royal Theatre, and there, in 1874, I had the privilege of seeing it superbly acted, in part by the original cast. The rôle of Aksel (Axel) was taken that night by one of the greatest actors whom the North of Europe has possessed in our time, Vilhelm Wiehe, while the difficult part of Mathilde was played with much delicacy by Miss Nielsen.

In the "Newly Married Couple," although it is a Norwegian drama, there is nothing to startle British susceptibilities. The problems discussed are scarcely so grave as those in "Ghosts," and there is not a situation, or a word, or a hint in the whole play which could embarrass the most nervous of matrons. Whether the fact has occurred to the management of the Independent Theatre, I have no idea; but what makes the performance of "The Newly Married Couple" amusingly appropriate at this moment is that it deals with a situation which is eminently "topical" just now. It is a sort of Clitheroe case, except that Axel, the hero, abducts his wife more skilfully than Mr. Jackson did.

A wealthy county magistrate (*amtmand*) and his wife, who live in a luxuriously furnished house in the country, have an only child, a daughter, Laura, who is as the apple of their eye. They belong to one of the best families in Norway, a family of landed proprietors, none of whom, for many generations, have been in trade or even in a profession. A young man, also of gentle breeding, but poor, has fallen in love with Laura, has proposed for her hand, and has been accepted. The stipulation has been that Laura, who is very young, should not be separated from her parents, whom she has never left for a single night. The bridegroom must come out and live with them all, and be a country gentleman. There is plenty of money, and he is to be the son of the house. Deeply enamoured of Laura, he accepts what seems a delightful proposal, and when the play opens the marriage is some two or three days past, and the quartet have settled down for life.

Unexpected difficulties, however, arise. Axel finds he has married the house and his parents-in-law, but he has not married Laura, who is too young to understand what love is; and, although she is gentle and friendly to Axel, her father and mother have her real affection and attention. The curtain rises as the family party prepares to sit down to breakfast on the day when a ball is going to be given in Axel's and Laura's honour by one of Axel's most valued friends. All four of the family are due at this ball, but, the mother having coughed twice during the night, it is decided that she cannot go, and Laura says at once that of course they cannot think of leaving Mother, so that Axel must send a note at once to say that they must all be excused. Axel remarks that it is really most important to him not to disappoint his friend, and begs Laura to leave her father to keep her mother company for once, and at least put in an appearance at the ball with him. But Laura is quite firm. "I have never," she says, "been at a ball at which Mother was not present."

This resistance to his reasonable wishes completes his disillusion in marriage. He sees that his childish wife has given him her hand but not her heart, has consented to be his with her lips but not with her will. He sees that she is still a child, amiable and undeveloped, who has agreed to marry him because her parents like him, and because she thinks, by so doing, to protect herself from what she looks upon as the greatest of misfortunes—separation from them. He sees that he has made a fatal mistake in agreeing to a lot so luxurious and so supine, in which he is doomed to play the part of dummy at the rubber of life. He perceives that the only hope of winning Laura's heart and awakening her love is to take her quite away from these surroundings, and isolate her where she can be weaned from her parents while he works to support her. How he does this with absolute firmness, cruel only to be kind, and how completely successful the experiment of abduction proves to be at last, must be told in the dramatist's own way. The intrigue is genuinely comic in its details, and yet profoundly tender and delicate. Laura is subdued in spite of herself, and there is a charming duel of reticences and self-denials between husband and wife, all which are properly illuminated and explained at the close of the third act. A goddess from a machine, in the shape of a female friend, Mathilde, helps to draw the strings together at the close. "The Newly Married Couple" belongs to an age antecedent to the highly charged and sardonic social dramas of Ibsen. It is a little harmless comedy that does not presume to teach anything, and yet it is a very wise and human piece of gentle satire.

The translation of "De Ny-Gifte," which Mr. Grein's company is to play, is announced as from the pen of Mr. H. L. Brækstad. This gentleman is a very old friend of Björnson's, has been intimately connected with the stage, and has resided many years in England. We have every reason, therefore, to expect that he will do justice both to the original and to his audience.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.
ALPHIA AND SHADFORTH.—Your indictment of No. 2154 is unfortunately correct, the defence of K to B 2nd preventing a solution.
A. NEWMAN.—We really must ask you to take more trouble in examining your positions before sending them to us. No. 1 has three solutions, and No. 2, after your first move, can be continued in no less than five different ways for the second move.
F. G. ROWLAND (Shrewsbury).—It is considerably overdue, but will probably appear after the termination of the telegraphic matches, which now cannot be far off.
F. BRAUND.—Budget of games very acceptable.
P. G. L. F.—Your problems are very neat, but scarcely equal to your former contributions, both being decidedly lacking in substance. Cannot you favour us with something more representative of your skill?
J. H. GARRATT (Dublin).—What about 1. P takes R?
F. R. SCOTT.—It is now under consideration.
W. BIDDLE.—The diagram of your problem we fear has been destroyed, but it shall be searched for, and, if found, duly forwarded.
J. CLARK (Chester).—The problem you send is very pretty, and one we remember perfectly well. It is only under exceptional circumstances, however, that we publish problems which have previously appeared elsewhere.
W. DAVID (Cardiff).—Your problem admits of another solution by 1. Kt to Kt 2nd, &c. It is also defective in some of the variations.
F. R. ELLIOTT.—We fail to see the use of the B Kt at K sq in your three-move problem. The other seems sound, and we may find a place for it later on.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2130 to 2424 received from P. B. BENNIE (Melbourne); of No. 2147 from J. W. BACON, B. (Ouds); of No. 2451 from J. W. SHAW (Montreal); of No. 2454 from J. WILLYS (Barnstable, Mass.); and J. CLARK (Chester); of No. 2457 from J. GASKIN (Boulogne), A. GWINNER, A. W. H. GELL (Exeter), and the Rev. WENIFIELD COOPER; of No. 2453 from the Rev. WENIFIELD COOPER, NELLIE GATES, W. DAVID (Cardiff), R. WORTERS (Canterbury), COLUMBUS, A. GWINNER, A. W. H. GELL, JULIA SHORT (Exeter), CAPTAIN J. A. CHALLICE (Great Yarmouth), L. SCHILL (Vienna), W. P. B. (Reepham), W. HANRAHAN (Rush), MAJOR H. S. WALTER (Bildeston), ARTHUR CHURCH, and F. L. M. (Swansea).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2454 received from A. GWINNER, W. R. B. (Plymouth), H. B. HURFORD, E. E. H. D. MCCLY (Galway), ALPHA, COLUMBUS, DAWN, E. P. VUILHAMI (Glasbury), MARTIN F. L. SCHELIN (Vienna), N. HARRIS, T. CLOWN, A. NEWMAN, MRS. KELLY (of Kelly), SHADFORTH, J. D. TUCKER (Leeds), J. DIXON, M. BURKE, F. FERNANDO (Dublin), C. B. PERUGINI, MRS. WILSON (Plymouth), H. S. B. (Fairholme), W. P. B. (Reepham), G. JEFFREY, W. WRIGHT, ST. HUBERT, J. BRIDGE, and C. HANBURY (Sheffield).**SOLUTION OF PROBLEM** No. 2452.—By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

WHITE. BLACK.

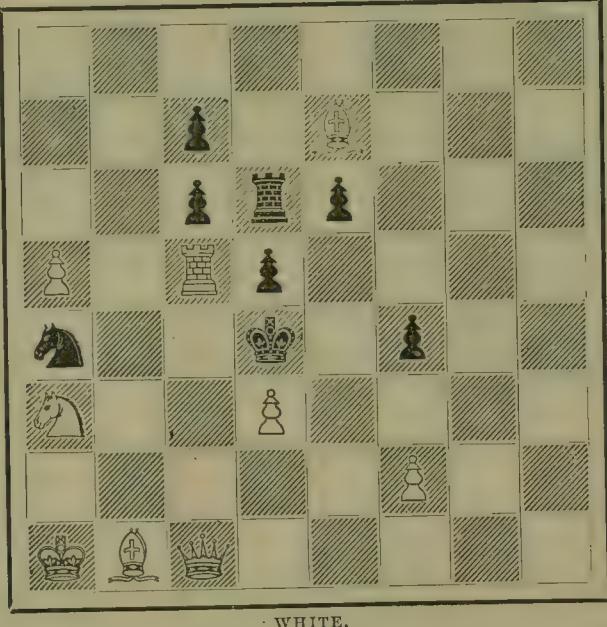
1. Q to R 5th Any move.

2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 2456.

By P. H. WILLIAMS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN DUNDEE.

Game played at the Dundee Chess Club between Messrs. R. TURNBULL and G. B. FRASER.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. F.) BLACK (Mr. T.) BLACK (Mr. T.)
 1. P to K 4th P to K 4th P to K 4th
 2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd obnoxious Bishop, but it might have
 3. B to Kt 5th P to Q R 3rd been safely held by Kt to K 2nd.
 4. B to Q R 4th Kt to K B 3rd 14. Q takes Kt P Kt takes B
 5. P to Q 4th Kt takes K P 15. Q takes Kt B to Q B 4th
 6. Castles P to Q Kt 4th 16. B to K 3rd P to Q 5th
 7. B to Kt 3rd P to Q 4th 17. R to Q sq P takes B
 8. P to Q R 4th 18. R takes Q P takes P (ch)
 A novel continuation recently suggested by an American amateur. It seems preferable to the ordinary move of P takes K P. 19. K to B sq It takes R
 8. B to Q Kt 2nd 20. P to Q B 4th
 If P to Q Kt 5th, White rejoins with P to K 4th, and makes it very unpleasant for his adversary. 21. K to Q 2nd P to K Kt 5th
 9. P takes P P takes P 22. Kt to Q 2nd R takes Kt (ch)
 10. R takes R B takes R 23. Kt takes R Kt takes Kt
 11. R to K sq B to K 2nd 24. Q to Kt 8th (ch) K to Kt 2nd
 12. Q to Q 3rd Castles 25. Q takes B P (a Q) (ch)
 13. P takes K P Kt to Q R 4th 26. K takes Kt B to Kt 5th (ch)
 Black apparently is satisfied to surrender the Kt's P in order to get rid of the unusually neat.

Mr. E. N. Frankenstein has generously offered to present to the City of London Chess Club a prize of the value of twenty guineas, to be competed for in the next tournament. In the final round of the winter tournament Mr. Eckenstein, the victor of the previous year, is leading, and has the best chance of winning Mr. Steel's prize of ten guineas. In the fight for the championship of the club Messrs. Loman, Morian, and Woon are still strongly in the van. In the spring tournament Mr. Latham has won his section.

The death of Captain Mackenzie takes from chess one of its foremost representatives. Although, owing to his long residence in the United States, he nominally ranked as an American player, he was British born, and held for some years her Majesty's commission in the 60th Rifles. In his adopted country he became undisputed champion, and only the advent of Mr. Steinitz provided him with a foeman of equal rank. His prowess, however, was not confined to the States, as in most of the great European contests he has taken a part, with more or less success. In 1878 he tied for fourth and fifth place in the Paris tournament; in 1882 was placed fourth at Vienna; in 1883 tied for fifth, sixth, and seventh in London; in 1885 was seventh at Hamburg; in 1887 first at Frankfort; and in 1888 second at Bradford. In the great New York tournament he did not enter, and last year, at Manchester, his health broke down at a time when, by his fine play, the highest honours seemed within his reach. His genial and pleasant manners made him a general favourite, and the news of his sudden but not unexpected death is regretted in all chess circles.

Mr. E. J. Winter Wood has won both the silver cup and the first prize in the handicap tournament of fifty entries in the Plymouth Chess Club.

Mr. Barnum has left upwards of \$5,000,000, and his will, with eight codicils, took a lawyer two hours and a half to read, and covers 100 pages of legal foolscap. His bequests are numerous, including \$40,000 to Tuft's College in Massachusetts; \$125,000 to complete the new historical and scientific building at Bridgeport, the town in which the famous showman lived; \$15,000 to the First Universalist Church in Bridgeport; and various sums to other Universalist churches, to the Children's Aid Society, the New York Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to boys' and girls' clubs, to widows' and humane societies, and other benevolent institutions. His wife receives \$110,000 absolutely, and \$10,000 a year.

ILLUSIONS AND REALITIES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

A week or two ago I had the pleasure of listening to an address in which Lord Dufferin informed certain students that "our illusions are the true realities." Our illusions were chivalry and faith, and my spirit was stirred to applaud Lord Dufferin. Then one took up the *Fortnightly Review*, and found Mrs. Lynn Linton defending the opposite thesis, that all is *Maya*, that "naught is everything, and everything is naught." A desire to wrestle in argument with Mrs. Lynn Linton has come over me like a wave. This is the advantage of sermons in the magazines; the congregation may express a respectful dissent from the preacher. We can only speak from our own experience. If we have not found that our friends are treacherous, that our loves turn frumps or faithless, but very much the reverse, how can we agree with Mrs. Lynn Linton that "Love made all life a thaumatrope," even if we are quite certain as to what a thaumatrope may be? The illusion may just as probably be on the opposite side. This disenchanted preacher, this weary Queen Ecclesiast, describes the lady whom some young man was in love with, and whom he does not marry. "Twenty-five years after, when you meet her—rubicund, many-fleshed, with pendulous cheeks, and fingers bulging over her rings," and so on, "you looked at her in wonder and self-contempt." But that, perhaps, was your own fault. A lady does not necessarily become pendulous, and many-fleshed, and, as to her rings, a "bulger," because she did not marry you. The Queen of Hearts is always young and fair, and the affection must have been a very poor one which left the capacity for this kind of criticism after many years. It was a wiser illusion that enabled a certain name, loved thirty-four years ago, "still to agitate the heart" of Walter Scott. Had he met the lady who bore the name, is it credible that he would have looked on her "with wonder and self-contempt"? The unhappy gentleman who finds his old Queen of Hearts rubicund and many-fleshed is informed that the new Queen of Hearts is just as deceptive. "She keeps to herself the tale of the masculine feet which tramp up and down the stairs in your absence," though she seems "as if she had been designed by a providential Archimage from the beginning." She, also, is a thaumatrope. Here, too, one may probably hope that the illusion is that of the preacher, not of the married man. The British wife, on the whole, is not addicted to secret tales of masculine feet. If "the fire receives her letters which you never see," it is because the letters would not amuse her lord. *Sursum corda!* Wives and old loves are better creatures than this pessimistic illusion represents them. Vivien's remarks

Left not Galahad pure nor Launcelot brave,
and Mrs. Lynn Linton even destroys our faith in the charms
of the Beggar Maid who was loved by the King Cophetua—

In robe and crown the King stepped down

To meet and greet her on her way.

"It is no wonder," said the lords,

"She is more beautiful than day."

This has been the belief of the ages, but Mrs. Lynn Linton knows that the beggar maid was "a ragged little uncouth morsel." There is no historical evidence for this assertion. Probably King Cophetua was a perfectly accomplished judge of beauty, though I own that his Majesty's precise date and the extent of his dominions are matters not well ascertained. About friendship—we may also argue—there is little or none of the glamour of love. To assert that friendship is treacherous appears to be the effect of another kind of *Maya*. Our friends of boyhood may not have been wits, or geniuses, but their merits as bats, bowlers, and runners were capable of being ascertained with exactness. They may drop out of our lives, but they do not deceive us, nor play us false. In ordinary life treachery is much more rare than any of the virtues, being more troublesome to practise: it exists chiefly in some unhappy imaginations, and is the illusion of a kind of hypochondria, not one of the illusions which are the true realities.

In religion the same sort of rule holds good. Phidias with his Athene is not at all on a footing with Fra Angelico and his Madonna. Phidias never pretended to have a vision of his Athene. He was rather a free-thinker, as we know, and got into trouble for inserting his own portrait and that of Pericles or Socrates, or both (for I have not a classical dictionary handy), on the shield of the goddess. "If Pan did not lead the Hellenic forces, did Santiago head the Spanish?" This is the worst of not having a classical dictionary! Who were "the Hellenic forces"? and when or where did Pan lead them? I vaguely remember that Pan appeared to Phidippides, the courier, in "the Persian affair"; but I forget when "the shaggy god of Arcadia fought for the forces of Greece." As for Santiago in the Aztec battle, Bernal Diaz, our only authority, admits that he did not see the saint, being unworthy, but thought that he recognised a comrade of flesh and blood. But if there is nobody to see on these interesting occasions, why do Vedic Indians and Greeks and Spaniards, and country clergymen distressed by robbers on lonely roads, always see the same kind of apparition? I prefer to believe in the Asvins, and the Dioscuri, and Santiago, and the rest of them, "One form with many names." It is a more cheery illusion than the other. To confuse the faith of Gordon with that of the Assassins of the Mountain seems to be another illusion of the murky sort. Gordon did not inspire himself with haschish, though it is admitted that he had one fault—he smoked too many cigarettes. It is even an illusion to suppose that we are all disilluded, that we all begin by shouting "Excelsior!" like Mr. Longfellow's young man, and end by moaning "Ichabod!" We need do neither one nor the other, or we may reverse the processes. Nobody in his senses believes that Marcus Aurelius was "an imperial Tartufe." Things are what they seem to a very considerable extent. We are quite certain that Helen was not freckled, and was always "in the first bloom of youth," being immortal and a daughter of Zeus. She was as lovely when she healed the deformed child, as Herodotus tells us—about 530 B.C.—as when the old men watched her with admiration on the Ilian wall—say in 1650 B.C., as near as we can date the Trojan war. Even if all were an illusion, it is not, at least, an illusion that of our illusions we are masters, and can choose the better sort. We can believe in beauty and loyalty, in love and friendship, in the Platonic ideas, if we like, or in the Asvins, just as easily as in archimages and thaumatropes, and treachery, and the guile of the British matron. Such is the virtue of the herb, *Pantagruelion*, which is worth more than much hellebore.

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Once again the grim old London Mansion House has been brightened by the gayest festival of all its year, the juvenile fancy-dress ball—the children's carnival. It used to be held on or near Twelfth Night till a few years ago, when combined fog and snow made going almost impossible for the poor little guests. Since then the annual event has been transferred to "the Easter holidays." Easter, however, is unfortunately a movable feast, so that some schools had the holidays for Easter three weeks or more ago, and no doubt many children had already returned to school who would have been present otherwise. At all events, it was a smaller party than customary.

Punch and Judy and conjuring diversified the dancing, but the customary entertainment in the great hall was dispensed with in favour of a cotillon in which only thirty children, previously invited, took part. This did not prove quite a success, for it occupied a whole hour, during which the majority of the children were unable to join in the dancing, to the evident disappointment of most, which was pretty audibly expressed by many. The dancing figures were not novel enough to provide amusement for so long a time for children looking on and longing to join in the fun in their own persons.

Many of the dresses were very good. Decidedly the belle of the ball was a tiny mite of four, Mollie Majolier, who was clad in an Empire costume of white satin, touching the ground, and finished off with a cluster of moss rosebuds at the breast, and a large bouquet of the same in her hand; the hair—or, rather, golden wig—dressed in a big knot at the back. It was most amusing to see the contrast between the pretty little rosy-cheeked creature's irrepressible vivacity when dancing, and the steady stillness which she maintained while being sketched by artists. A magnificent costume and a pretty child went together in the person of the little daughter of Mr. Sheriff Augustus Harris. Miss Florence Harris was the "Queen of Hearts" as seen on an old pack of cards. Her gown was of mixed red, blue, and white satin; there was a quaint collar of red, a stomacher of blue, and a yoke of white, all powdered profusely with gold hearts; the sleeves were full, and worked in dark blue-and-white diamond patterns, each with a ruby for the centre, and her gorgeous jewelled crown was backed by a black velvet square fall. A correct heart-shaped fan was carried.

Another original "get up" was that of two little girls named Warwick, as "old ladies." They had old-fashioned red silk dresses touching the ground, mob caps, spectacles on noses, and ebony walking canes. They cleverly assumed a limping old lady-like gait. Most of the children are sublimely indifferent to that sort of detail, but it made a great improvement in these little girls. Lady Magnay, whose small boy of seven as "a gentleman of Beau Brummel's day" made a sensation last year, brought him again in a similar costume, with a younger brother added to match. The dress is a dark-blue cloth tight-fitting swallow-tail coat, with two rows of gilt buttons, a high collar-like Mr. Gladstone's, a thick "stock" for necktie, tight white trousers with fob chain and seals, and a white beaver hat. The little sister of these two boys looked well in Empire dress to match their period.

A very simple dress was at the same time effective—"The flowers that bloom in the spring"—all sorts of early blossoms in large clusters hung on the ends of ribbons of many colours, that were drawn down over a white skirt. "The British

Isles," with a large fan painted with a map, and draperies of the Union Jack over a white frock, was also effective and easy to make. Miss Ursula Soulsby looked very pretty in a simple frock of white soft silk with lace fichu and cap, made in the Puritan style, though hardly of Puritanical fabric. There was a "Lawn Tennis" which was pretty good; the dress of grass-green silk, marked out into "courts" by white ribbon appliquéd, a net for panier drapery, and balls for trimming; a racket in the hand. The Lady Mayoress—perhaps the youngest that has ever reigned—wore white striped tulle and satin over satin, with lilies-of-the-valley for trimming. Mrs. Augustus Harris wore a fine white brocade gown, finished by an ostrich-feather boa.

Mrs. Jackson of Clitheroe, who has won an imperishable name in the annals of English law, has published her account of how she did it: so far as the story of her marriage and her wedded life goes it might more justly be called how *not* to do it. Her story is as "real" as a novel by Jane Austen, and apparently very honest. Mr. Jackson's letters are delicious. He is a poor man—cannot pay his own expenses to and from England and New Zealand—proposes that his new wife shall provide the home; yet he writes: "Do not make any mistake. There shall be a perfect understanding between us, but I will make it, not you. It is most ridiculous for you to say you will have this or that. It depends upon whether I approve or no." This is the sort of way to talk to a retriever being broken in. The wedding-day proceedings were publicly to reprove his bride for "dropping her h," and to "seem relieved" when she said she would go back to her sister's for the night. Mrs. Jackson, on her side, at forty-six years of age, married clandestinely, hastily, and making a promise to join her husband in New Zealand, of which she repented immediately after he had started. She wished him to return, and he, fairly enough, thought that she should pay the expenses caused by this caprice; and, when she refused to do so, he proceeded to endeavour to show her that she and all she possessed were at his mercy; for though he could not seize her money by law, he could her person, and so could compel her to buy peace and freedom from him with her means. Well, it is a sordid, miserable story; but it took a Mr. and Mrs. Jackson to treat each other so—she with her caprices, her vanity, and her "rich old maid" suspicions; he with his grasping selfishness, rudeness, and tyranny—and the money at the bottom of it all—to get the law strained to the point at which the rebound came.

Quite a triumph of illustrated journalism is the issue of the *Lady's Pictorial* dated May 2. It contains no less than thirty full pages of spring fashion illustrations, in addition to its ordinary matter and pictures. These illustrations, too, are all copies of actual articles that are on view in the leading shops of every description. In this respect, the *Lady's Pictorial* has worked a revolution, for the old-fashioned so-called "lady's papers" used to be, and, indeed, are, supplied simply with second-hand blocks, often the previous season's designs, from Paris or Berlin. It is obviously infinitely better for English ladies to see what the London leaders of fashion are actually wearing to-day. In many respects the English fashions always differ from those of even Paris itself. The idea may come from the Continent, but the English milliners and dressmakers know how they must alter it to adapt it to the taste of English wearers. Far less bold and eccentric and striking costume is preferred by ladies here than is patronised by French women of fashion and rank. So a bow is added or pinched down, colours are changed, folds are altered, and so on till the model is hardly to be recognised.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.
The will (dated Nov. 18, 1885), with a codicil (dated Nov. 19, 1890), of Mr. John Bilke, late of 1, Chester Square, who died on March 17, was proved on April 2 by Edward Liddon, M.D., and John Liddon, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £129,000. The testator gives all his freehold property, £3000, and the sum of Consols he is entitled to under the will of Mrs. Mary Bilke to his nephew John Liddon; £6000 to each of his nephews and nieces, Henry Parry Liddon, Edward Liddon, Annie King, and Louisa Gibson Ambrose; £8000 to his nephew Matthew Liddon; £8000, upon trust, for his niece Katherine Davenport, for life, and then for the grandchildren of his sister Mrs. Ann Liddon; and legacies to executors, relatives, friend, and servants. The residue of his personal estate is to be equally divided between his nephews and nieces, Henry Parry Liddon, Edward Liddon, John Liddon, Matthew Liddon, Annie King, and Louisa Gibson Ambrose. In the event of either of the last five predeceasing him, leaving children, such children are to take their parents' share.

The will (dated Aug. 22, 1889) of Mr. Charles William Buck, late of The Lodge, Brook Green, Hammersmith, and of the Centre Avenue, Covent Garden, florist, who died on Dec. 26, was proved on April 15 by William Frederick Richmond Buck, the son, William Wadham, M.D., and Henry Hamilton, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £48,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and his furniture and effects to his wife, Mrs. Sophia Sarah Buck; and the goodwill and stock-in-trade of his business to his said son, William Frederick Richmond Buck. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one third to his wife; one eighth of the remaining two thirds to each of his seven children then living; and one eighth, upon trust, for the widow and two children of his late son, Henry Robson Buck.

The will (dated Oct. 13, 1884), with three codicils (dated May 28, 1885; Nov. 7, 1887; and April 5, 1888), of Mr. Alfred Allen, late of 18, The Grove, Boltons, South Kensington, who died on Feb. 15, was proved on April 17 by Alfred Allen, the son, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £43,000. The testator gives his furniture and effects (except a picture bequeathed to his son) and £20,000 New Threes to his wife, Mrs. Ann Woodward Allen (since deceased); his residence, 18, The Grove, to his wife, for life; and there is a bequest to his brother Thomas. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said son.

The will (dated Feb. 18, 1886) of Miss Maria Branton, late of 50, Brunswick Road, Hove, Brighton, who died on Jan. 23, was proved on April 13 by Frederick Branton Blyth and Ralph Branton Day, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £34,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 each to the Church Missionary Society and the Church Pastoral Aid Society; and considerable legacies to nephews, nieces, and others. The residue of her property she gives to her sister, Laura Branton.

The will (dated Aug. 15, 1867) of Miss Lydia Smith, late of The Chesnuts, Egham, who died on Jan. 21, was proved on April 13 by the Rev. William Trevor Nicholson and John Fraser, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £28,000. The testatrix leaves all her personal estate to her mother, Mrs. Sarah Udall, who has since died, so that it passes under the last-named lady's will.

The will (dated July 18, 1888) of Mr. Clement Alexander Middleton, barrister-at-law, late of Woodcote, Chislehurst,

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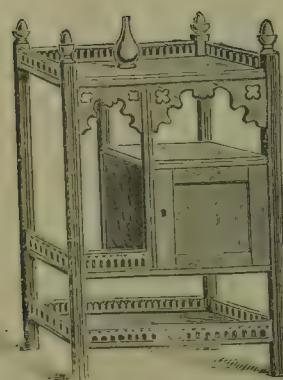
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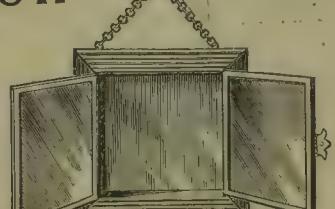
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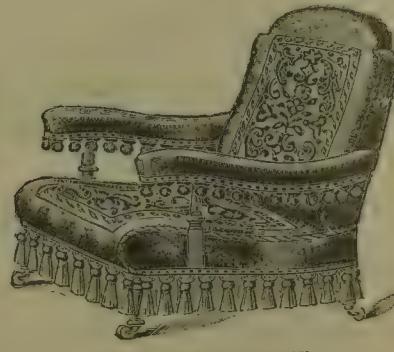
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Kent, who died on March 11, was proved on April 9 by Colonel Oswald Robert Middleton, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. The testator bequeaths all things, animate and inanimate, at the house occupied by him, to his wife, Mrs. Helen Middleton, absolutely. All his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate, are to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then divided between his children, but his son Gambier is to bring certain sums into hotchpot.

The will of Sir J. Edgar Boehm, Bart., has been proved by the executors and trustees (Mr. Richard Mills, Mr. Philip Witham, and Mr. Thomas Maxwell Witham). The net personal estate has been sworn under £47,276 10s. 8d. The testator bequeaths his collection of rings and gems and the contents of his studio to his son, the present baronet. He settles on him his estates near Dorking in tail male. A sum of £24,000 is left to the trustees, £4000 of which goes to the trustees of his daughter, Mrs. Conrad Herapath, making up her portion to £10,000; and the remaining £20,000 is settled equally on his two remaining daughters—namely, Mrs. Kingscote and Miss Boehm. The residue of the personal estate is left upon the same trusts as the Dorking estates.

The will (dated Dec. 28, 1886), with four codicils (dated March 28, 1887; Aug. 21, 1888; Feb. 2, 1889; and Feb. 24, 1890), of Miss Elizabeth Gape, late of St. Michaels, near St. Albans, Herts, who died on Dec. 17, was proved on April 9 by George Gilbert Treherne, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. The testatrix bequeaths £100 each to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the British and Foreign Bible Society; £1000 and her furniture and effects to her nephew John James Gape; £2000 each to her grandnephews, William George Morton Gape and Henry Gape; £1000 to her nephew Ernest Gape; £850 each to her great-nieces, Emily Methuen, Clara Gray, Florence Louisa Dudding, Frances Mary Glossop, and Evelyn Gape; and other legacies. All her real estate and certain jewellery and medals, including two given to her ancestors by Charles I. and Gustavus Adolphus, she leaves to her said nephew John James Gape, for life, then to his eldest son, Thomas Walter Penrice Gape, for life, and then to the person who shall succeed to the family estates in the counties of Herts, Cambridge, and Lincoln. The residue of her personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for William Nugent Walter Gape (son of the said Thomas Walter Penrice Gape), for life, and then for his children as he shall appoint. There is a gift over in the event of the person entitled to such residue becoming a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

The will (dated Sept. 25, 1890) of Mr. Arthur Ellis, formerly of Liverpool, solicitor, and late of 44, Canynge Road, Clifton, who died on Feb. 11, was proved on April 9 by Thomas Walter Stead, John Charles Stead, Samuel Field, and Mrs. Charlotte Jane Griffith Ellis, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £24,000. The testator gives his furniture and effects to his wife; his residence, 44, Canynge Road, to his wife, for life; and legacies to executors, relatives, and friends. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his children, or remoter issue, as she shall appoint.

Lady Charlotte Rachel Arbuthnot, widow of Mr. Henry Arbuthnot of Corstorphine Lodge, Ryde, and third daughter of Thomas, second Earl of Clonmell, died on April 23, at Eastbourne, aged eighty-three.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I have paid another visit to what I consider the most charming entertainment to be seen in London at the present moment. It is certain that I am not singular in my opinion, for I found every available seat taken, every box full, every coign of vantage occupied, to see the dumb play, the musical pantomime, the delightful fancy, known as "L'Enfant Prodigue," at the Prince of Wales' Theatre. It had already been performed in the afternoon, and here was an evening audience, crowded to the very roof. I am clearly of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's opinion, who once said that a theatre was never yet so full that it would not hold one more. On this occasion I was the extra one, and I really enjoyed the musical play far more than I did on the first visit. I somehow fancy—that I could not say for certain—that the pantomime has been cut a little, particularly in the second act, which, no doubt, is a relief to the sadness of the little tale of domestic sorrow, but is not, to my mind, the most interesting of the three. Let no one be frightened away at the conclusion of the second act. The best scene has to follow. The return of the prodigal son, the answer to the good mother's prayers, the melting of the father's anger, the martial note of hope and bravery in the distance, the clear moral that every good play should have, the ray of hope and forgiveness and reconciliation as the curtain falls—these things are like gems of purest ray serene, that conclude so fitly one of the most artistic and admirable fancies that modern taste has suggested. I don't quite see how anyone can be either bored or disappointed with this charming artistic conceit. Lovers of acting, lovers of music, those who like sentiment, those who appreciate fun, are all appealed to in turn. The old father is, as ever, perfect, and the reading of the newspaper is a gem of humour. But it would be very hypercritical indeed to find fault either with the delightful little Jeanne May or with Madame Schmidt, who plays the mother with such infinite tenderness, particularly in the last act. If for nothing else, the French musical pantomime is useful as a wholesome antidote. In these days, when we are asked to go to the play to see horrors accumulate on horror's head, to be persuaded that it is a good thing for men and women to live their own lives in their own selfish way, careless of others, and indifferent to the opinion of any; when suicide, if not openly advocated, is never discouraged; and when all that is harsh and cruel and sordid in human nature is harped upon to the exclusion of all that is tender and affectionate and loyal and forgiving in man and woman alike, it is as well to take such a dramatic sugar-plum as "L'Enfant Prodigue" in order to take the nauseous taste out of the mouth engendered by what are called the "plays of the future."

Mr. Wilson Barrett's revival of "Belphegor," known now at the new Olympic as "The Acrobat," promises to be successful, and everyone wishes well to any enterprise with which this energetic and popular manager is concerned. Not even in Fechter's time, when Lemaître's favourite hero was created by his favourite pupil, has the old play been so well cared for. Dances, dresses, limelight effects, picture, and procession are requisite nowadays to attract the public anxious to have the eye pleased as well as the understanding. The three Belphegors that I have seen—Charles Dillon, Charles Fechter, and Wilson Barrett—cannot very well be compared, because each one of them takes a distinct and different view of the troubled showman. The play contains both humour and pathos in pretty equal proportions. It is possible to lean a little harder on the one than on the other. In the new Olympic version the play

has more fun in it and less pathos. It was possibly thought that the majority like to laugh more than to cry. This is why I missed the tenderness between master and man in many of the scenes, and why the garret scene seemed to lack the touch of humanity. But other times, other manners. Mr. Wilson Barrett knows his audiences best, and knows how to please them.

He is even cleverer than that. He knows how to soothe their ruffled susceptibilities. There might have been "a scene" on the first night of "The Acrobat," had it not been for Mr. Wilson Barrett's tact. There is a legitimate grievance against the charging for theatrical programmes. I have for years maintained that it is impossible to understand a play without a programme, but for more years than I care to mention I have paid thousands and thousands of sixpences out of my own pocket in order to do my work. At last some of us got up a harmless little revolution, and refused to pay any more sixpences for programmes. We protested against a scandalous tax. The managers yielded without a murmur, and we were fined no more. I fear that the same concession is not given to art-critics or musical critics. I imagine they have to pay for Academy catalogues and St. James's Hall annotated programmes. If so, I trust they will revolt also. If they do, they will win. The general public has followed our example, and I should say the programme tax in theatres is doomed. Perhaps it would have been kinder to wait until the end of the play to make the demonstration of advertised placards and scattered handbills, which, by the way, are extremely dangerous in the case of exposed gaslights—and in the case of so good a fellow as Wilson Barrett the term "extortion" might have been toned down. But all's well that ends well. The manager's tact soothed the malcontents, and he yielded to the inevitable with a very good grace indeed.

While they are busy rehearsing "The Corsican Brothers" at the Lyceum, which will come back to us with its romantic surroundings, the weird ghost melody, the ball in the opera-house, and the duel in the snow, Mr. Irving has revived the charming "Olivia" by Mr. W. G. Wills—and a delightful pastoral it is, making us long all the more for the days of primroses and cowslips and for the sweet English springtime which has been postponed for the "coming by-and-bye." Those who have never seen Henry Irving's Vicar of Wakefield, Ellen Terry's enchanting Olivia, and the Squire Thornhill of William Terriss, should hasten to do so. Ellen Terry and Terriss were in the original cast at the Court Theatre, but there has never been such a Vicar as Henry Irving. It is a delightful play, and I do so hope it is not becoming old-fashioned because it is peaceful and pure.

If anyone is passing by King William Street in the Strand in the daytime, they should pop into Toole's Theatre to see his gallery of curiosities and eccentricities collected on his tour in Australia and New Zealand. Everything is there—from a kangaroo to a catamaran, from an alligator to a cannibal's toasting-fork! And, after visiting the gratuitous exhibition in the box-office, opportunity may be taken of purchasing a seat to see an old favourite at night who has returned home as young as ever and in the best of spirits. Mr. Toole intends to play "Ici on Parle Français" in dumb show, with appropriate music. This will be capital burlesque.

Passing the Garrick Theatre the other evening, I looked in to pay a return visit to "Lady Bountiful." One thing at once struck me, and that was the vast improvement in the acting, particularly that of Miss Marie Linden. Her pretty and pathetic death-scene is quite admirable. She visibly affected the whole house.

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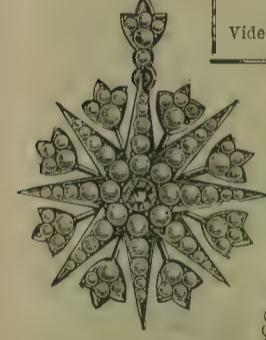


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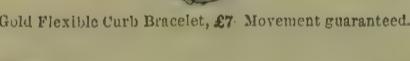
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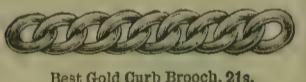


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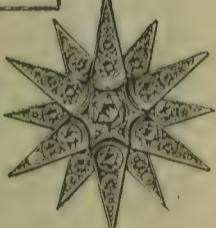
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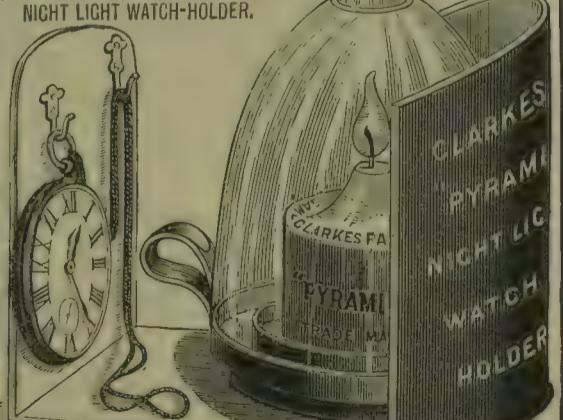
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THE FIRST SAND-MARTIN.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

Walking, to-day, down by the crag-like railway cutting through the greensand hill, I notice that the sand-martins—my special pets and friends among our English swallows—are back at last from their winter tour in Algeria or the Isles of Greece, and have taken up their home again, for the season, in their summer quarters. They are easy birds to know. You can tell the sand-martin at once from his more familiar ally, the house-martin of the eaves, by his duskiest coat and the absence of that conspicuous white belt across the back which the commoner bird displays so gracefully as he turns over in his flight across the slumbering millpond. But, indeed, it is a species one may learn to recognise at any time, from its unique habit of making its nest in deep burrows driven far into open banks of sandstone. If you watch those honey-combed cliffs in the early morning or towards the evening hours, you can see the parent birds swooping into their tunnels with store of insects for their nestlings, or creeping out again quaintly, and flinging themselves on the wing, from the mouth of their burrow, with unexpected agility. It is not difficult, under these circumstances, to observe their build and plumage and mode of flight accurately, so that you can readily distinguish them afterwards in the open air from all other English swifts and swallows.

It is a very interesting habit, however, this the sand-martins have of burrowing like rabbits in the soft sandstone cliffs; and at first sight one would say it was extremely unbirdlike. But birds are really very adaptable creatures: who, for example, till he had seen a goose cropping close grass on a

common, would ever have believed beforehand that any bird would deliberately take to grazing, and enter into competition on their own ground with sheep and cows and donkeys? And this queer habit of the sand-martins is really dependent upon a general trait they possess in common with all thorough-going insect-hunters, like the swifts and the swallows. Birds of that character have to be very quick on the wing, because they seek their food open-mouthed as they fly—a habit which everybody has observed with the swallow as it flies about the water or over lush grassy meadows, so that sometimes an acute ear may even catch the click of a hard-winged beetle against the bill or tongue of its pursuer, as the bird swoops upon it suddenly in one of its long curved onsets. But this habit itself implies a peculiar mode of flight and much feebleness of legs, so that swifts (in which the power of flying is developed in the very highest degree) can hardly rise from the ground at all if once they settle there; and all the insect-hunters get on the wing best by launching themselves bodily from a height and letting themselves glide for awhile, as it were, like kites or parachutes, before getting up steam for their proper locomotive efforts.

Hence it results that such birds invariably build in very high places, from which they can fling themselves with safety, somewhat as a swimmer plunges into the stream from a spring-board. The steeples of churches, the eaves of houses, the top of tall cliffs, the interior of caves—these are the places where the swifts and swallows (unrelated in type, but alike in manners and habits) love to place their homes. But why don't they build, like other birds, in trees? Well, for this very good reason: insect-hunters are usually feeble on their legs, are bad risers from the ground, and can

hardly trust themselves to pick up straw and grass and twigs and other common building materials of terrestrial origin. Hence they mostly build of mud or of secretions from their own bodies, and they line the nest with feathers and thistledown, which they collect in their mouths from the air while flying. Now the sand-martin has solved this difficult problem of its kind in a somewhat different manner from most others of its congeners. It escapes observation, hides its young from danger, and gets a good point of departure for its own aerial excursions by burrowing in soft sand wherever it can find any. It thus escapes the last straits to which the swift that builds the edible nests is pushed: it does not have to construct a home for its young entirely from its own hardened and gummy mucus.

Sand-martins, however, are strictly limited in density by the number of sandy cliffs to be found in any given area. In this way, I believe, they must have become vastly more common in England since the enormous development of the railway and road-making impetus in our southern counties. For natural sand cliffs are of comparatively rare occurrence, especially inland; while the engineering works of the present century have laid bare immense numbers of artificial cliffs, of which the sand-martins have taken possession with remarkable promptitude. Not a bank anywhere in the great greensand ridge or the Hastings beds that stretch over so large a portion of southern England but is mined through and through by these industrious little creatures. Indeed, I believe it is a common sand-martin theory that railways and roads only exist fundamentally in the scheme of nature in order to open fresh sites for the free excavation of sand-martin catacombs. And this view is, of course, very narrow and provincial; for we other men, we know very well, for our part, that the universe, and more particularly the solar system, exists for no other purpose at all than to subserve our human wants or supply our human necessities. Let us thank Heaven, then, we are not so narrow-minded as the sand-martins!



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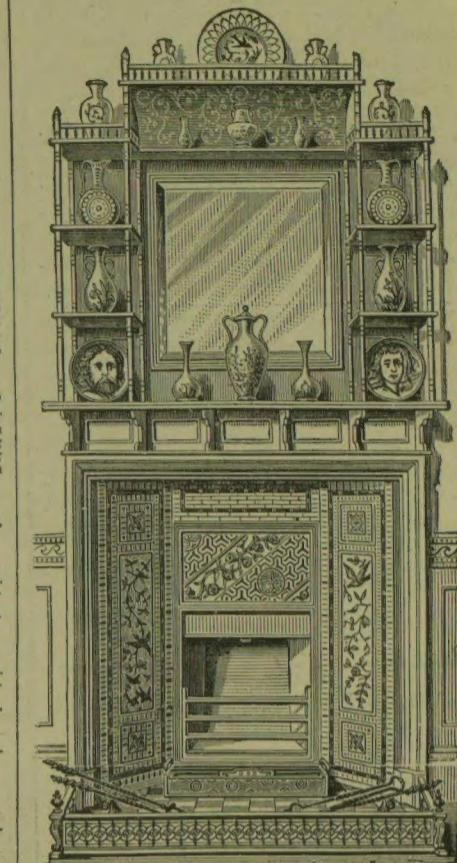
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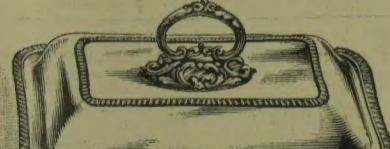
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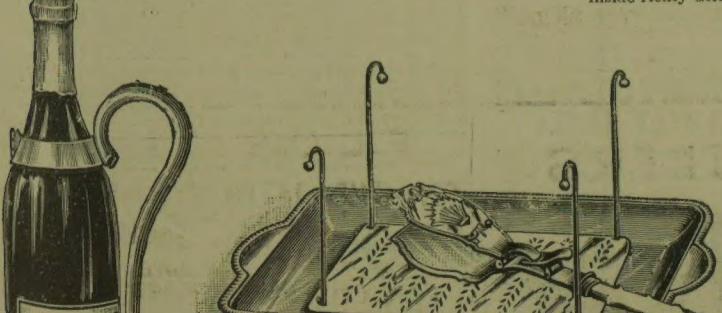
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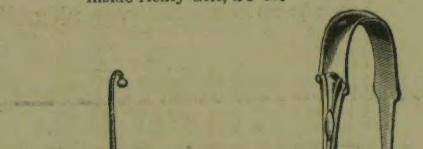
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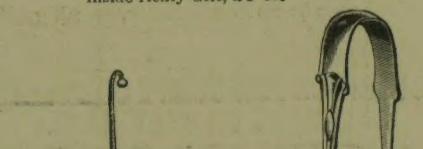
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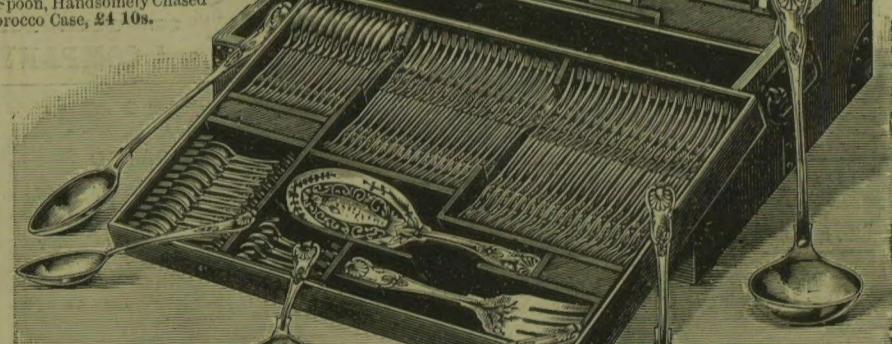
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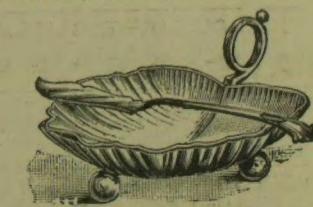
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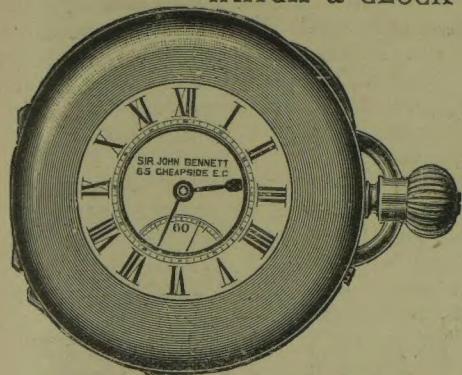
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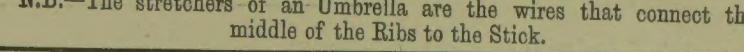
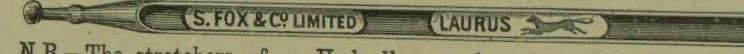
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